

THE ILLUSTRATED
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NEWS

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1878.

[REGISTERED FOR
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CRYSTAL PALACE.—Calendar till Feb. 2nd, 1878.
Monday, Jan. 28th. Christmas Amusements, comprising Pantomime, THE SLEEPING BEAUTY, the Marvellous Girards, Dr. Lynn's combined entertainment, John Holden's Marionettes, Gonzal's Troupe, Telephone, &c.
till
Saturday, Feb. 2nd. &c.
MONDAY TO FRIDAY, ONE SHILLING. SATURDAY, HALF-A-CROWN; or by Season Ticket.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—PANTOMIME,
ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON, Daily at 3.30. Everyone should see the Great Transformation Scene, "Vertumna and the Swallows," the Village Scene and the Equestrian Combat with the Fiery Dragon. The Payne Family specially engaged. Admission to Palace, Theatre, and Hippodrome, 1s., 500 seats at 6d.; reserved seats, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 3s. 6d. (children half-price).
The A.P. is reached without leaving cover, from all parts of London. The Pantomime Train (no changing) leaves King's Cross, 3.3, Broad-street, 2.32, Moorgate-street, 2.47. Note: Last week of Maraz, the Aerial Diver.

ROYAL AQUARIUM. GRAND HOLIDAY FESTIVITIES.
The Royal Aquarium, for variety, novelty, and excellence of entertainments, will this year surpass all other rival establishments.
Doors open at 11. Admission One Shilling.
11 till 1 o'clock and throughout the day, the Laplanders, Men and Women, Reindeer, Sledges, Dogs, etc. The Chimpanzee, Pongar, the Sacred Monkey, the Abyssinian Snake Charmer, the Royal Punch and Judy, Cosmographic Views, the Performing Fleas. The Aquarium (finest in the world) the New Seal Tank, George Cruikshank's Collections, War Sketches of the Illustrated London News.
2.30. The Grand Christmas Pantomime, A FROG HE WOULD A WOINGO GO, in the Theatre. The Pantomime of the season.
3.0. First Special Variety Entertainment in Great Hall.
5.30. Zazel, the marvellous.
7.30. Second performance of the Gorgeous Pantomime in the Theatre.
8.0. Second Great Variety Entertainment in the Hall.
10.30. Zazel's Second Performance.
Ethardo, the Spiral Ascensionist, Benedetti, the Sword Swallower, Vol Becqui's pupils, Inca, from Peru, Leon, the Contortionist, the Great Japanese troupe, the Dare Brothers, Peterson's Dogs, Heriott and Little Louie. Perform afternoon and evening. The most extraordinary combination of talent ever appearing before the public in one day.
The Daily and Weekly Papers say: Mr. Robertson has again provided a Pantomime as full of go and fun as last year. A FROG HE WOULD A WOINGO GO is one of the distinct successes of the season; no praise is too high for the admirable way in which the Aquarium Pantomime has been placed on the stage. Scenery and dresses are superb, and the acting throughout far above the average. The enthusiasm evoked in the Corridor Scene, when troupe after troupe of different nationalities succeed each other is unbounded; the music is well chosen; the dresses bright; the acting first-rate, and the scenery marvellous. Every child should, in any case, see A FROG HE WOULD A WOINGO GO. The Harlequinade is the funniest and best of the year. Paulo the Clown is certainly the clown of clowns.

THE CANTERBURY.—PLEVNA.—This entertainment consists of a Panorama of the War, from Constantinople to the scenes of the latest interest, with a Diorama of Plevna, and a representation by several hundred boys, the VICTORY BY OSMAN PACHA IN SEPTEMBER LAST. THE VIEWS AND COSTUMES FROM SKETCHES, taken by Mr. F. Villiers, the special correspondent and artist, who visited every town and city given in the Panorama, and was an eye-witness of the celebrated battle when the Turkish forces gained so brilliant a victory. The arms, accoutrements, and uniforms specially manufactured for the occasion, and the whole of the sketches and particulars are presented to the public, through the kind permission of the proprietors of the Graphic. The children have been instructed in the various Turkish and Russian Manoeuvres by Drill-Sergeant White, of the Grenadier Guards. The whole of the scenery painted by Mr. W. Hann.

THE CANTERBURY.—PLEVNA.—Prices of admission:—Private boxes, £1 1s. and £2 2s.; Reserved Fauteuils, 5s., which may be had of the principal Music Libraries and Box Agents; Numbered stalls, 1s.; Balcony and promenade, 1s.; Hall and Promenade, Upper balcony, 6d., which includes the whole entertainment, no extra charge being made for any part of the programme.

SANGER'S GRAND NATIONAL AMPHITHEATRE, WESTMINSTER-BRIDGE-ROAD.
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ROYAL AGRICULTURAL GREAT HALL, ISLINGTON.—TWICE DAILY, 2 and 7. The GRANDEST ENTERTAINMENT in the WORLD. THREE GREAT and TALENTED CIRCUS COMPANIES. Horse Racing, Steeplechasing, Roman Racing, Chariot Racing, Elephant Racing, Camel and Dromedary Racing, the Sports of the Roman Amphitheatre; the Grand Military Spectacle, THE BOMBARDMENT AND FALL OF PLEVNA.—Magnificent Scenery, Stupendous Effects, the Capture of the Citadel, Rout of the Invaders. Nearly 2,000 men and horses engaged in this marvellous production. All the horses, ponies, elephants, camels, dromedaries, zebras, &c., &c., open for the inspection of visitors free of any extra charge.
Prices, reserved seats, 3s.; boxes, 2s.; amphitheatre, 1s.; and the great galleries, 6d. Two Performances Daily, 2 and 7. Seating accommodation for 20,000 persons. Acting Manager, Mr. Henry Bertrand; Secretary, Mr. Herbert Wycherley.
Sole Proprietors, JOHN SANGER and SONS.

THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.—Every Evening during the Week, will be produced the Grand Christmas Comic Pantomime, THE WHITE CAT, by E. L. Blanchard, scenery by W. Beverley, in which the celebrated Vokes Family will make their reappearance in London. Double Harlequinade. Morning Performances every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday. Box-office open from 10 till 5 daily.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.—LAST WEEK. PUSS IN BOOTS. Signorita Cavallazzi and Ballet of 300. Prices and Day Performances as usual. Box office open from 10 to 5 by Mr. Edward Hall. No fees.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. Buckstone.—At 7.30 the farce HE LIES LIKE TRUTH. At 8.15, an original farcical Comedy by W. S. Gilbert, entitled ENGAGED, positively the last five nights, when it must be withdrawn, in consequence of prior arrangements, for the production of TWELFTH NIGHT. Mesdames Marion Terry, Julia Stewart, Lucy Buckstone, E. Thorne, J. Roselle, M. Harriss, Harrison, etc. Messrs. Howe, Kyrie, Everill, Crouch, Weathersby, Rivers, and George Honey (specially engaged). Doors open at 7. Box-office 10 to 5.

LYCEUM.—Mrs. S. F. Bateman, Lessee and Manager. MR. HENRY IRVING, by general request, will appear until further notice on alternate nights in three of his most popular characters. The plays will be given as follows:—Monday and Thursday, CHARLES I. Tuesday and Friday, LYONS MAIL. Wednesday and Saturday, THE BELLS. Also Saturday morning at 2, CHARLES I. Carriages every evening at 10.45. On Saturday morning at 4.30.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. Walter Gooch.—Miss HEATH as Jane Shore.—170th Night. In consequence of the enormous success that has attended the revival of W. G. Wills's Drama, JANE SHORE, it will be repeated every Evening for a few weeks longer, with the following exceptional cast: Miss Heath, Messrs. C. Warner, W. Rignold, Howard Russell, &c., Mrs. Alfred Mellon, Mrs. R. Power, &c. Preceded, at seven, by OUT TO NURSE. Mr. Harry Jackson and Miss Fannie Leslie. Great Snow Scene (winter by night).
NOTICE.—Due notice will be given of the production of Ross Niel's Play, ELFINELLA. Free List suspended.

NEW ROYALTY THEATRE.—Miss Kate Santley, Lessee and Manageress.—2nd and Last Night but Eight of LA MARJOLAINE. Preceded every evening by LOVE'S ALARMS. On Wednesday 7th, 1878, will be produced a new and original Bouffonnerie Musicale by Farnie and Reece, entitled MADCAP, in which Miss Kate Santley and Mr. Lionel Brough will appear. Supported by the entire strength of the company. Box office open daily, from 11 till 5.

GLOBE THEATRE.—Under the Management of Mr. RIGHTON. Mr. TOOLE in Henry J. Byron's New and Original Comic Drama, A POOL AND HIS MONEY, at 7.45, preceded by, at 7, A HOUSEHOLD FAIRY, concluding with ICI ON PARLE FRANCAIS. Morning performance this day at 2.30 of OFF THE LINE, FLIRTATION, and BARDELL v. PICKWICK.—Acting Manager, Mr. E. Clifton.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. Samuel Hayes.—Open for the Season for New and Old Comedies. Miss Ada Cavendish (her farewell engagement previous to her departure for America. Supported by a powerful cast. Commence at 8. No fees of any description.

CRITERION THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. ALEX. HENDERSON.
290TH NIGHT OF PINK DOMINOS.
Every Evening, at 7.30, the serio-comic drama, in two acts, by John Oxenford, Esq., entitled THE PORTER'S KNOT, Samson Burr, Mr. Henry Ashley. At 8.45, THE PINK DOMINOS. Messrs. Charles Wyndham, Standing, Ashley, A. Harris, Francis, Mesdames Rose Massey, M. Davis, Eastlake, Rose Saker, E. Bruce.—Acting Manager, Mr. H. J. Hitchens.

FOLLY THEATRE.
Lessee and Manager, Mr. Alex. Henderson. Every Evening, at 7.30, PEACOCK'S HOLIDAY (Last 6 Nights). Mr. W. J. Hill. At 8.45, A NIGHT OF TERROR, a Musical Madness, in Three Fyttes, by Charles Wyndham and Arthur Mathison. Supported by Messrs. W. J. Hill, C. Ashford, P. Day, Dalton, and John Howson; Mesdames Katrina Munroe, Violet Cameron, &c. LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE, the great Parisian success, in active preparation. Musical Director, Mr. Edward Solomon. Acting Manager, Mr. J. C. Scanlan.

ROYAL COURT THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. HARE.
Every Evening, at 9, VICTIMS, Comedy in 3 Acts, by Tom Taylor. Characters by Miss Ellen Terry, Mrs. Gaston Murray, Miss B. Henri, Miss K. Aubrey, Miss Daly. Mr. Charles Kelly, Mr. J. Clarke, Mr. D. Fisher, Mr. A. Bishop, Mr. Clifford Cooper, Mr. Cathcart, Mr. Denison, and Mr. Hare. Preceded at 7.40, SUNSHINE THROUGH CLOUDS. Miss Amy Roselle, Mrs. Gaston Murray, Miss K. Aubrey; Mr. Titheradge, Mr. A. Bishop, Mr. Carne. Box-office hours, 11 to 5. Doors open at 7.15.—Acting-Manager, Mr. Huy.

ROYAL PHILHARMONIC THEATRE, Islington.—Proprietor, Mr. Charles Head.
Now OPEN with a revival, on the most complete scale, of the celebrated Opera Bouffe, GENEVIEVE DE BRABANT, by Offenbach, English version by Farnie, supported by the following exceptionally strong company:—Miss ALICE MAY as Drogan; Miss Alice Burville as Genevieve; Misses Douglas Gordon, Lilla Howard, and Blanche Sabine; Messrs. J. A. Shaw, Felix Bury, E. Chessman, Bedford, Wingrove, and Loredon. Eccentric French Troupe of Dancers, Mdlles. Louise D'Olga, M. Prangey and Fedry. At 7.30 the popular Triumvirate by Arthur Sullivan and F. C. Burnard, COX AND BOX. At 8.30 GENEVIEVE DE BRABANT. Conductor, Mr. G. B. Allen. New Act Drop and Scenery by Mr. Julian Hicks. Redecoration by Mr. E. W. Bradwell. Furniture by Mr. Lyons. Costumes by MM. Auguste et Cie. The piece produced under the direction of Mr. R. D'Oyley Carte. Acting Manager, Mr. W. R. Field. Box-office open 11.0 till 5. Prices from 1s. to 2s. Doors open at 7.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.
Every Evening a Fairy Musical and Pantomimic Extravaganza, in three acts, and fourteen tableaux, entitled "WILDFIRE"—Misses Pattie Laverne, Lennox Grey, Emma Chambers, A. Newton, L. Robson, Veto, &c.; Messrs. Harry Paulton, F. Hall, J. H. Ryley, C. Power, and Henry Nordblom. THREE GRAND BALLETS. Danseuses, Mdlles. Pertoldi, Gillert, Mons. A. Josset and the whole of the Corps de Ballet. Grand Transformation and Cascades of Real Water.—Manager, Mr. Charles Morton.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—979th Night of OUR BOYS. Every Evening, at 7.30, A WHIRLIGIG; at 8, the most successful comedy, OUR BOYS, written by H. J. Byron, (979th and following nights). Concluding with A FEARFUL FOG. Supported by Messrs. Farren, Thorne, Garthorne, Bernard, Lestock, Austin and James. Mesdames Hollingshead, Bishop, Walters, Richards, Larkin, &c. Free list entirely suspended. N.B.—Morning Performances of OUR BOYS this Day (Saturday), 26th, and Feb. 2nd.

OPERA COMIQUE.—THE SORCERER.—Every Evening, at 8.45, this original modern comic Opera, by Messrs. W. S. GILBERT and ARTHUR SULLIVAN. Mdlmes. Howard Paul, Giulia Warwick, H. Everard; Messrs. G. Bentham, Temple, Rutland Barrington, F. Clifton, and G. Grossmith, jun. At 8, DORA'S DREAM. Doors open at 7.30. Eleventh Morning Performance of THE SORCERER, SATURDAY Next, Feb. 2nd, at 2.30. At 4.30, Mr. George Grossmith, jun., Drawing-room Sketch, A CHRISTMAS PANTOMIME.—R. D'Oyley Carte, Manager for the Comedy-Opera Company (Limited).

NEW GRECIAN THEATRE, City-road.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. Geo. Conquest.
MORNING PERFORMANCES of the PANTOMIME every Monday and Wednesday. Private Boxes and Stalls for both morning and evening performances, can be booked at the Theatre and all libraries a month in advance. Every evening at 7.15 o'clock, the Grand New Pantomime by Messrs. Geo. Conquest and Henry Spry; entitled, HARLEQUIN ROLEY POLEY; OR, EARTH, AIR, FIRE, WATER, AND THE CHARMED UMBRELLA. Characters by Messrs. Geo. Conquest, Herbert Campbell, H. Nicholls, Geo. Conquest, jun., &c. Misses Maud Stafford, Mabel Verner, M. A. Victor, Denvil, Laura and Ada Conquest, and the Sisters Spiller. Daring Phantom Fight by Messrs. Geo. Conquest and Son. Acting Manager, Mr. A. Rogues.

EVANS'S CONCERT AND SUPPER ROOMS, COVENT GARDEN.

The CAFE part of these celebrated SUPPER ROOMS is Now Open for the reception of Ladies. The body of the Hall being still reserved exclusively for Gentlemen.

EVANS'S WORLD-RENOWNED CHOIR OF BOYS, Every Evening, specially trained by, and under the direction of Mr. F. JONGHMANS.

Admission, One Shilling. Ladies, Two Shillings.

OPEN AT EIGHT. FIRST CHORUS AT 8.30.

SUPPERS AFTER THE THEATRES.

Proprietor J. B. AMOR

SURREY THEATRE.—Another Glorious Triumph.—The Pantomime is emphatically declared again the best.—Every Evening at 7, the Grand Christmas Pantomime, DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT, written expressly by Frank W. Green. Morning Performances every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, at 2. Children Half-price to all parts, morning performances only.

NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, BISHOPSGATE.—The Grand New Pantomime, THE ENCHANTED PRINCE; OR, BEAUTY AND THE BEARS. Morning Performances every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, at 1 o'clock. Children under 10 half-price to all parts. Every Evening at 7.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—Production of a Grand Christmas Burlesque. Every Evening at 7.30 the New Comedy, FAMILY TIES. Messrs. Wigan, Marius, Cox, Grahame, &c. Mesdames Venne, Foster, Holme. After which (first time), THE LATEST EDITION OF THE RED ROVER. Messrs. Marius, Cox, Mitchell, Carter, &c. Mesdames Sanger, Venne, De Grey, &c., &c.

ROYAL ADELPHI THEATRE.—Sole Proprietor, B. Webster. Manager, F. B. Chatterton.
THIS EVENING, at 7.0, SARAH'S YOUNG MAN. At 7.45, FORMOSA: Messrs. S. Emery, L. Lablache, J. G. Shore, E. George, and H. Sinclair; Mesdames Leighton, Billington, Hudspeth, A. Murray, C. Jecks, E. Phillips. At 10.15, PANTOMIME. Box Office open from 10 till 5 daily.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, Hoxton.—Proprietress, Mrs. S. Lane.—Every Evening until further notice at 6.45, the Immensely Successful New Christmas Pantomime called ROMINA-GROBIS; OR, THE TAIL OF A CAT. Alaine by Mrs. S. Lane. Miss Pollie Randall, Mr. Fred Foster. Messrs. Bigwood, Lewis, Rhoyds, Hyde. Mdlles. Summers, Rayner, Brewer, Mrs. Newham. Grand Transformation Scene. Ballet and Harlequinade by the Lupino Troupe. Concluding with MAN'S TALISMAN. Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Wray, Drayton, Reeve, Towers. Mdlles. Adams, Bellair, Pettifer.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Conductoa, Mr. W. G. CUSINS.—EIGHT CONCERTS, St. James's-hall, at 8 o'clock, on Thursday evenings, Feb. 14, Feb. 28, March 14, March 28, and on Wednesday evenings May 22, June 12, and July 3.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Herr JOACHIM will make his first appearance this season at the 1st Concert, Feb. 14th.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—TERMS of SUBSCRIPTION:—Three guineas, two guineas, and one guinea and a half. Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co., 84, New Bond-street; Chapell's, New Bond-street; usual Agents; and at Austin's Ticket-office, St. James's-hall, Piccadilly.

THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS, Regent's-park, are Open Daily (except Sunday). Admission, 1s; on Monday, 6d.; children always 6d. The new lion house is now open. Among the latest additions are a herd of fine reindeer, a red wolf from Buenos Ayres, and a family of Gelada monkeys.

Last Week of OUR NEW DOLLS' HOUSE.
MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT. ONCE IN A CENTURY, by Gilbert A'Beckett. After which a Sketch, by Mr. Corney Gram, entitled "A MUSICAL ALMANAC." To conclude with A Fairy Vision called OUR NEW DOLLS' HOUSE. Admission 1s., 2s., 3s., 5s.
During the Holidays, Every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday Afternoon, at 3, and Every Evening except Thursday and Saturday at 8. Last Extra Morning Representation Next Tuesday at 3. ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LANGHAM PLACE.

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ST. JAMES'S GRAND HALL,
REGENT STREET and PICCADILLY.

TUESDAY NEXT, 29TH JANUARY, 1878.

A GRAND DAY AND NIGHT FETE

will be given in the

ST. JAMES'S GRAND HALL,

AFTERNOON AT 2.30, EVENING AT 7.30,

on the occasion of

MR. FREDERICK BURGESS'
THIRTEENTH ANNUAL

COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT,

when an entirely New and Magnificent Musical Programme

will be given by the

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.

In addition to an entirely New Repertoire of SONGS and BALLADS by Authors and Composers of eminence, they will introduce—for the First Time in England—a Selection from the New and immensely successful Comic Opera.

LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE,

Which has created such a profound sensation in Paris, where it has attracted overflowing audiences since last May.

For the performance of this Selection, Mr. Joseph Williams, the Proprietor of the English Copyright and Publisher of the Music, has, in the kindest manner, accorded his sanction.

The following great Artists have also proffered their invaluable services on this occasion:—

Miss E. FARREN. (Of the Gaiety. By permission of John Hollingshead, Esq.)	Miss RUSSELL. (Of the Theatre Royal Drury Lane. By permission of F. B. Chatterton, Esq.)
Miss PATTIE LAVERNE, (With the kind sanction of the Directors of the Alhambra.)	Miss LOTTIE VENNE. (By kind permission of Mrs. Swanborough.)
Miss ELEANOR BUFTON.	

Mr. GEORGE HONEY. (Theatre Royal Haymarket. By permission of J. S. Clarke, Esq.)	Mr. HARRY COX. (Royal Strand Theatre. By permission of Mrs. Swanborough.)
Mr. W. H. PENNINGTON. (Of the Theatre Royal Drury Lane. By permission of F. B. Chatterton, Esq.)	Mr. JAMES FERNANDEZ. (Theatre Royal Drury Lane.)
Mr. W. J. HILL. (Folly Theatre. By permission of A. Henderson, Esq.)	Mr. FERNEUX COOK. (Theatre Royal Covent Garden. By permission of Chas. Rice, Esq.)
Mons. MARIUS. (Royal Strand. By permission of Mrs. Swanborough.)	Mr. HARRY PAULTON, (With the kind sanction of the Directors of the Alhambra.)
Mr. G. W. ANSON. (Royal Olympic. By permission of H. Neville, Esq.)	Mr. GEORGE CONQUEST. (Of the Grecian Theatre.)
Mr. EDWARD TERRY. (Of the Gaiety. By permission of John Hollingshead, Esq.)	Mr. LIONEL BROUGH. (Of the Royalty Theatre. By kind permission of Miss Kate Santley.)
Mr. HARRY JACKSON. (Of the Princess's Theatre.)	THE BROTHERS LEOPOLD, AND The MARVELLOUS GIRARDS. Mons. Julien, Mons. Emilie, and Mons. Robert.

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THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1878.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

THE plague of Country Cousins, which is most grievous during the festive and fashionable seasons of the year, is a sore visitation from which managers of theatres may especially pray to be freed. It seldom attacks them directly, like a sun-stroke or a County Court summons, but it is none the less hard to bear, because it reaches them

through the medium of their blank good-natured friends. It takes the form of applications for orders, and is most malignant in its operations at playhouses where the free list is entirely suspended, and money is nightly turned away from the doors. To subdue its rancour, repeated applications of boxes, stalls, and seats in the dress circle are essential; yet such heroic remedies have been known to fail in cases where the attack has been accompanied by a demand for cloak-room fees. It is a malady that yields only to allopathic treatment. Homœopathy has been tried on it and found ridiculously ineffectual. But the plague of Country Cousins is not the only plague by which your long-suffering and seldom-complaining manager of a theatre is pestered. He groans under another, the nature of which will be recognised when we apply thereto its popular designation—that of West End or Suburban Order-Hunter. An Order-Hunter that may be said to belong to the order of parasites. The difference between the Country Cousins, plague and that whose abode is where to well-to-do London luxuriously hibernates is that the provincial malady is intermittent, and the metropolitan is not. The voracity of the Order-Hunter is inappeasable. Like the horse-leech's daughter, he crieth out for ever, "Give, give!" and verily he (or she) is not to be denied. This, credit us, is not the language of exaggeration. Facts enough to satisfy the most exacting of Gradgrinds might be adduced in proof of the prevalence of those two pestiferous plagues. Take one letter, which we append, the genuineness of which will at once be apparent. We have simply suppressed name and address, but we may observe, with regard to the latter, that it is in what is termed "a swell neighbourhood":—

SIR,—It now being the close of the season, and the theatres consequently not filling well, am I taking too great a liberty in requesting you if you would kindly send me an order? As I am not at present in a position to be able to go to the theatre as often as I could wish, and knowing that managers always like to see their houses well filled, I have thus ventured to address you. I should like (if I might be allowed to express a wish) an order for a box or four stalls, or as many less as your generosity may prompt you to send, for any night next week. Apologising for this "Begging Application," the more so as I have not even the honour of your acquaintance; but, nevertheless, hoping for a favourable response,—I remain, Sir, yours obediently,
To the Manager of the Gaiety.

WE can remember the time when there was not a more popular man amongst the musical operatives of the North of England than "Enderby Jackson, of Hull." From Saltaire to Black Dyke, from Black Dyke to Leeds, from Leeds to Darlington, and Middlesbrough-on-Teess, his name was as well known to the performers in, and admirers of, brass bands as that of "Dick Smith"—who was a sort of Julien in the land formerly ruled by Robin Hood of Sherwood Forest,—which is saying no little for its curious popularity. That was the day of band contests and similar musical prize-fights. A day when large sums of money were betted on the probable results of such meetings. When confident partisans laid odds on the cornet of sweet Auburn against the cornets of Dingley Dell and All Muggleton carrying off the prize offered by the Odd Fellows of Little Pedlington at their annual gala. Well, Enderby Jackson, formerly of Hull, now of Scarborough, is again to the fore. Tired of—ahem!—conquering the old world, he has crossed the Atlantic and conquered the new; that is to say, he has been to New York, heard Gilmore's Band, which is the band of the 22nd Regiment of New York, and, completely taken captive by that—in his opinion—unapproachably skilful body of instrumentalists, has returned to London armed with powers to make arrangements for their appearance here next May. "Gilmore's Band and Grand Concert Organisation of America" consists, we are told, of sixty performers, each of whom is an efficient soloist. We also learn from the correspondent who has obligingly supplied particulars of the European tour of "the Grand Concert Organisation," that "the ballads and songs of the United States will be sung by native American lady-vocalists, and musical novelties, such as the pine sticks, will be introduced and played upon by competent performers." Further, that "the 'Poems Symphonique' and 'Preludes' of Listz, never before attempted by any other military band, are performed by this combination of artists." We promise Mr. P. S. Gilmore and his musicians as warm a welcome as that bestowed on Mr. Dan Godfrey and the band of the Grenadier Guards at the Boston Jubilee in 1872, the musical portion of which gigantic celebration was under the American bandmaster's management. Being offensively patriotic, we naturally decline to believe that Gilmore's is a better band than that of the Royal Artillery, the Grenadiers, and the Coldstream Guards rolled into one, until we have been afforded an opportunity of judging for ourselves. The combination will make its debut at the Crystal Palace, where, in 1860, '61, and '62, Mr. Enderby Jackson won for himself a high reputation as controller of the kind of entertainments which it has been determined Mr. Gilmore's shall give. We need scarcely remark that the responsible duties of agent in advance and manager could not have been in abler hands.

THERE is, however, a difficulty in the way of the perfect success of "the Combination" which it is to be hoped may be removed before the sixty performers embark on board one of the Inman steamers from Liverpool, on or about the 4th of May next. Three of the players, namely two first cornets and a second bassoon, are deserters from the English army, and are, therefore, liable to be arrested the moment they set foot on British soil. While disclaiming any desire to palliate their breach of the military code, we may be suffered to express a wish that something may be done—we do not care what—whereby may be obviated the necessity for a trial by court-martial of those two cornets and the bassoon.

"The Claremont Young Men's Association recommended its meetings in the school-room of Claremont Chapel, Pentonville-road, on Tuesday evening week, when the Rev. W. H. Davidson lectured on 'The Lady Poets of

the Nineteenth Century.'" It behoves the Claremont Young Men to profit by the salutary rebuke which the Reverend lecturer has thus publicly administered. An Association that favours a lecture on Lady Poets must be—not a Young Men's, but—a Young Gentlemen's, or at all events a Young Gentlemen's Gentlemen's Association. Let us be refined, or perish! And, dear Mr. Davidson, do oblige us without delay with a nice companion discourse on "The Gentlemen and Noblemen Poets of the Nineteenth Century."

WRITES our esteemed contemporary, the *Mark Lane Express*:—"It is very strange that, while many other forms of sport are condemned as cruel and barbarous, fishing—even with live bait—should be generally commended as 'gentle' and humane. In the whole realm of sport there is no operation that requires greater callousness than that of twisting a hook in and out of the body of a writhing worm." While cordially agreeing with the above humane remarks we would ask—Is our sympathy to be bestowed on the twister of the hook or on the recipient of that instrument? On what Artemus Ward would have termed a cursory view of the case, we should say that the worm required rather more callousness in order to perfect its enjoyment of the operation than the unfortunate operator.

WITH the best intentions in the world, you know, we advise *Truth* to give up trying to solve impenetrable puzzles.

"THE hall itself was completely unrecognisable, and the *ensemble*, on entering, is so effective in its artistic completeness as almost to render it a desecration to attempt any analysis. The first object which strikes the eye is the centrepiece, a stand crowded with flowers and plants of all descriptions, from out of which rises a figure of Diana robing, as though the fair huntress had just been awakened from her forest bed by the careering chariot of the Sun, and stood in mute admiration at the scene of beauty around her. The upper part of the wall is graced by the arms of our ancient town between the three well-known feathers and the Crown, symbols of our Queen, while above all hang the banners, which have waved, and will wave yet for many centuries, as pre-eminent in every sea." How is that for high? The writer is to be envied his unusual gifts. There are not many artists of the school called graphic, skilful enough in the art of electro-plating as to derive such inspiration from the "Reception" of a North-country Quaker Mayor.

A FARM-LABOURER, named Robert Bell, who was stopping at the Station Hotel, Redcar, made, armed with a razor, a murderous and unprovoked attack on the manager of that establishment. He was arrested, and, on the following day, brought before the local bench and remanded. Except the apparent absence of motive for the crime, there was nothing about it more remarkable than there is about assaults of a homicidal character, which are unfortunately too common in this country; but the local reporter was not to be denied his chance of achieving distinction in connection with the "attempted murder." This is how he did the "Further Particulars":—"As the prisoner Bell was escorted by two constables at the Middlesbrough Station from the train which arrived from Redcar on Tuesday morning, there immediately ran through the station a buzz of excitement. The few persons who were on the platform had their curiosity aroused by the man who had attempted to commit a couple of diabolical murders; they wished to see what he was like, what he wore, and what appearance his dress presented; whether he appeared to be careless, and not to feel the serious position in which he had placed himself; or, on the other hand, whether he appeared sorry for the crime with which he stands charged; if he showed an indication of wishing he had not committed the dastardly deeds, and possibly thinking he might speak a word, which all who heard would treasure to the last day of their existence. As showing the morbid curiosity which a murder excites, there is a public-house pewter out of which the Uxbridge murderer drank immediately after he had deprived a whole family of their existence in the most cold-blooded manner, and hundreds, even thousands, of people have esteemed it a privilege to partake of liquor out of this pewter pot. During the ten or fifteen minutes he was standing on the platform till the train was timed to start he was the centre of notice. A crowd of individuals stood round him, and in an inquisitive manner their necks were stretched towards him, and they seemed as though they were anxious to peer into his inner self—as if they would divine his thoughts and know his motives for having very nearly added himself to that sad list of men and women who have committed murder. He was downcast, and turned his head away from the inquiring crowd, evidently feeling his position somewhat acutely, as also the glances of the spectators. He is a short, stiff man. His broad face is bronzed, and has one or two scars on it. His eyes are deep and small, his cheek bones are prominent, and he has a shaggy black beard. The top part of his light tweed jacket is covered with blood stains, and his thick, puffy hands, together with his boots, point to the conclusion that he has been accustomed to labour in the field." If the art of "lining" for the London papers were conducted in this liberal manner, casual reporting—of diabolical attempts at murder, at any rate—would be a much more lucrative profession than it is. The introduction into a "Further Particulars" essay of the minutely speculative element is a new thing in journalism, and is capable of any amount of expansion. One may expect to see the example of the imaginative describer of Robert Bell largely imitated.

WE understand that Tom Taylor has undertaken to edit some selections from the prose remains of the late Mortimer Collins, for the benefit of the widow. The selection will contain many of the poet's observations, on the trees and birds in his garden during the last eight years, and his opinions on matters, social and literary. A picture of the cottage at Knowl Hill will be attached to the volumes, also a portrait of the author.



THE THEATRICAL HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.—No. 8. THE PAGE.

"Who grinned at the maiden, the Page to the Queen,
Whose name it was Flo, and whose age was sixteen!"

ATHLETICS, AQUATICS, &c.

SATURDAY afternoon last saw the decision of a four mile race at Lillie-bridge, the sum of £6 10s. being offered in prizes. Owing to counter attractions at the Star Ground, the company present was not a large one, and, for the same reason, much delay took place ere fifteen out of the original nineteen entries assembled on their respective marks. The race resulted in the victory of H. Killick, of Bromley, 700 yards, and was never in doubt, as, making the best use of his start, he lead throughout, and headed C. Price, Kennington, scratch, by something like fifty yards—J. Simpson, Cambridge, 200, gaining third honours, five yards behind Price. The winner, who is by no means an elegant mover, covered the distance in 20min 26sec. Mr. J. Jenn officiated as referee.

At the same grounds, on Monday last, J. Keen (champion bicyclist), competed against two trotting horses nominated by Mr. C. Bastien, well-known at the Muswell Hill Palace. About 3.45 Nat Perry fired the pistol, and Kit, with S. Maynard, jun., up, started against the bicyclist, who, in consequence of the disinclination of the mare to her task, soon assumed a good lead, and, at four miles the mare was displaced by Prince, who speedily left Keen astern; but the horse tiring at ten miles, Keen once more assumed the lead. Keen henceforward did not distress himself, and finally won from Kit, on whom devolved the honour of finishing, by about 150 yards, in the by no means extraordinary time of 1 hour 13 min. 30 sec., as taken by Mr. G. W. Atkinson, of the *Sporting Life*, who acted as judge.

Football has been actively pursued lately all over the country, and, on Saturday afternoon last, Upton Park antagonised the Remnants in the third round for the Association Challenge Cup at Kennington Oval, the weather being lovely, and the ground, consequently, in fine condition. After some most spirited play, Upton Park scored three goals to their opponent's blank, and, though defeated, the latter did all in their power to turn the tide of battle in their favour. Major Marindin, R.E., and Mr. G. Hawtrej were umpires, and Mr. J. G. Wylie referee. H. Williams, D. R. Hunter, and J. B. Hunter secured the goals for Upton Park.

Lancashire defeated Yorkshire at Halifax, on Saturday last, by two goals, one try, and a touch-down, to a try and a touch-in-goal, and two "dead" balls. There was a very large attendance, some 14,000 persons being present. Messrs. J. Maclaren and T. S. Tetley officiated as umpires, and Mr. H. P. Henderson as referee.

The match, on Saturday, between Blackheath and Richmond (Rugby Union), was obstinately contested, and some very fine play was shown. Richardson's Field, the private ground of the first-named club, was the venue, and when the call of time was made neither side had gained any substantial advantage, the match thus terminating in a draw. Williams and Emerson played splendidly for Richmond, as did Jackson and Pearson for the opposition.

This day (Saturday) the Wanderers play off their drawn match with Barnes at the Oval. On Wednesday next Royal Engineers antagonise the Druids; on Saturday, Feb. 2, Oxford University play the Clapham Rovers, and Cambridge play Old Harrovians.

Nicholson, of Stockton, and Elliott, of Pegswood, have entered into articles for a match in best and best boats on the Tyne, from Mansion House to Scotswood Suspension Bridge for £100 a-side, the day fixed being March 4. A clause in the articles defines the arch of the Redheugh Bridge under which the men are to pass as the second one counting from the northern bank, and not the north arch, as was the case in the late championship match. On dit the winner herein will be eligible to challenge Higgins for the Championship of England and the accompanying Cup.

Had it been Gale's lot to have walked this time either in Clerkenwell or Cardiff, I could have understood the apathy manifested on the "Prophet in his own country" principle; but, seeing that his present tramp, which, by the way, ends this

of the contest, he will hardly be as well served as though the affair were a genuine walking match against time.

Smythe still keeps on at the Rotunda Skating Rink, Dublin, having commenced his walk on the 26th ult., but his chances of success are small, as he has gradually been getting further and further behind the Scythe-bearer. This, however, has been easy to account for, as the weather, for one thing, has been much against his chances of ultimate success, and the powers that be, for another, refused him permission to use the Rink, during last Sunday night, thus exposing him to the heavy weather which prevailed during that night and Monday morning. However, should he not prove successful, he has eminently testified his gameness and ability to rank among first class men in this peculiar phase of pedestrianism. His supporters have frequently during the walk shown their full and hearty appreciation of his plucky efforts, and I hope that he may reap a good harvest in requital of his painstaking attempt, though, as above stated, I am by no means sanguine

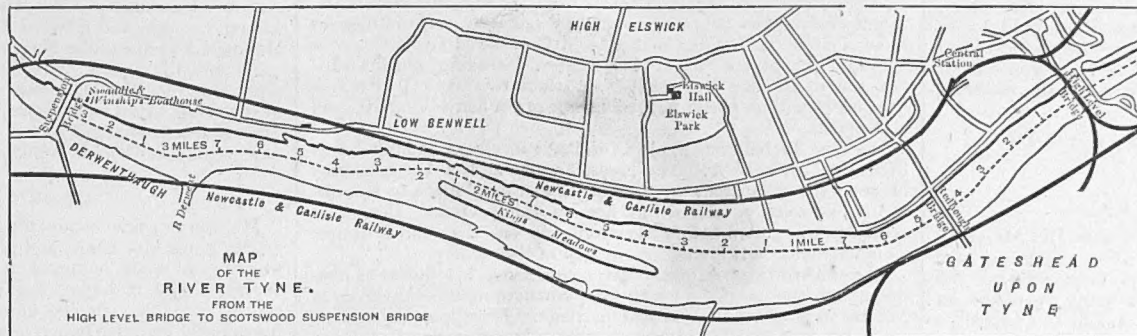
of his success. At one o'clock this (Saturday) afternoon, Smythe will have been walking 750 hours, and will cover 1,500 miles at 9 p.m. Comparisons between Smythe and Gale would be useless, as the conditions of their journeys are wholly different, and also, but even more so, their respective styles of progression.

After a somewhat lengthened, and of late years, unprecedented lull, the professional element of billiard playing will receive a fillip in the American Billiard Handicap, which commences at the Queen's Rooms, Argyll-street, Oxford-circus, on Monday, February 4th, to be continued on following days, when all the principal exponents of the art will compete. The handicap seems to have been carefully framed, and Messrs. Burroughes and Watts,

with their customary munificence, have given £100 to be added to the proceeds of the tournament. The heats will be 500 points, and one of the above-named firm's ordinary match tables will be used. Cook is, of course scratch man; Joe Bennett, Stanley, Taylor, and Shorter each being in receipt of 125, while Kilkenny, G. Collins, and W. Green are credited with 170 each.

J. Russell and G. Collins met on Wednesday evening last, at the Sir W. Gonm, Abbeyfield-road, Rotherhithe, to play a match of 1,000, the former receiving a start of 300 points. After a most spirited contest, Collins ultimately landed himself a winner by 88 points. Both men played in good form, the principal breaks being 187 and 11 for Collins, and 81 and 45 for Russell.

The American Amateur Handicap now in progress at the Mitre Hotel, Lambeth, which was framed by the enterprising lessee of the rooms thereat, Mr. J. Lake, has brought out some capital play during the course of the tournament, and, though it is at present premature to actually plump for any one of the sixteen entered, the chances of Messrs. Barry, Willcocke, Smithson and Westhall must be held in high esteem. The spacious room is crowded nightly by the partisans of the respective contestants, and the arrangements are such as might be worthily imitated by the framers and organisers of far more pretentious handicaps with advantage. *Surgit amari aliquid*—in this, as in most other sublunar arrangements, and I cannot but consider it a mistake to have two tables used contemporaneously for a handicap of thi



MAP SHOWING THE COURSE OF THE RACE BETWEEN HIGGINS AND BOYD.

(Saturday) evening, is in progress at the "Queen of Watering Places," a most sport-loving and supporting centre, it is strange to mark the "backwardness to come forward," as the coloured stump orator expressed it, of the inhabitants and *habitués* of the Sussex burgh. Nathelss, except presumably *en poche*, the game little man has suffered nought, and I can only hope that when he takes flight to "pastures new," he may fully recoup himself for any pecuniary loss he may have sustained in the present essay. To reiterate a statement of his gameness would only be to tell a twice told and over true tale, but, while on the subject, I must enter my protest against the inanity of a would-be-busy athlete (?), who, early on Sunday morning concluded to try his own spurt against the Cardiffian's, whereby the latter was compelled into doing an extra lap through being confused by this mar-sport; however, if any further proof had been required of Gale's spurring and staying powers, this semi-contretemps would have furnished it, as, despite the fact that he was walking 88 yards over his proper distance; the 528 yards were covered in 3 min. 46 sec. Of course, as at the Lillie and Agricultural Hall walks, Morpheus and Somnus occasionally will not be denied, but the pedestrian soon shakes off their attentions, and does his work with alternate periods of fast and slow times. Should he elect to enter for Sir J. D. Astley's six day performance at the Agricultural Hall on the 18th March, he will, doubtless, take an immensity of beating, though, from the "go as you like" nature



SKETCH MADE AT THE SALE OF MDLLE. TIETJENS' WARDROBE AT DEBENHAM, STORR AND SONS, JANUARY 17, 1878.

description, as play on the one naturally distracts the attention of the other brace of aspirants to cueistic fame. With the exception of this slight blot on its scutcheon, the Mitre Handicap is a decided success, while the courtesy of the proprietor of the house and lessee of the room is beyond praise.

In conclusion I must plead a lack of really good sport in extenuation for the paucity of my notes this week; for, while it is true enough that there has been a *plethora* of sport (so called), there has not been anything of really absorbing interest; and, in these notes I am fain to let many branches and ramifications severely alone as being out of my province. The coming season will, however, doubtless prove as full of interest as have been its predecessors, and my readers may be sure that in all things pertaining to my headings, they will be fully posted up by EXON.

P.S.—Absence from town and the necessary delay in receiving his letter must be my apology to "L. M. D." for not answering his query in my last. "The cup (it not being a club race) is the property of the crew as a body. The stroke has no prior claim, and the better way for you to settle the question would be to agree unanimously either to draw lots for the trophy or to sell your individual claim to the highest purchaser. If you cannot come to terms in this way the cup must be sold and the proceeds divided equally."

MUSIC.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

THE experimental season of English Opera at Her Majesty's Theatre appears likely to prove a success. The audiences have steadily increased in numbers, and the performances are patronised by the aristocracy, who have not for many years had an opportunity of hearing English Opera in London, as it is seldom attempted during the fashionable season. *The Phantom*, after the first three representations, went capitally. *Maritana* went well from the first, and on Saturday last drew the largest house of the season. It will be repeated on Monday next, probably for the last time, owing to the departure of Madame Rose Hersee to fulfil provincial engagements, extending to the middle of February. The production of *Dinorah* will be delayed until her return. Respecting her recent success we are happy to be able to quote our contemporary, the *Evening Standard* of Monday last, which says:—

No better *Maritana* than Madame Rose Hersee could be found upon the English stage; and, indeed, among the Italian stars which come—frequently to astonish, and occasionally to charm—during the season, the English prima donna has very few superiors in purity of style and beauty of tone." Mr. Celli's Don Jose has also elicited well merited encomia, and Mr. Franceschi (Mr. Foote) has made a decided success in his vocalisation as King Charles V. Miss Palmer, having quite conquered the nervousness by which she was oppressed on the first night, has done herself justice and secured hearty applause, as Lazarillo, and Mr. G. Perren has not only been in excellent voice, but has moderated the exuberance of his action in the opening scene, much to the advantage of the ensemble.

Il Trovatore was produced on Wednesday for the debut on the English stage of Miss Anna Eyre, an artist who has had considerable practice on the Italian stage abroad, and has achieved success at Milan, Vienna, and other important continental cities. Miss Eyre is Irish by birth, but has spent the greater part of her life on the Continent, and has studied under the best masters at the Milan Conservatorio and at Paris. The cast of Verdi's popular opera on Wednesday last included Miss Anna Eyre (Leonora), Miss Palmer (Azucena), Mr. George Fox (the Count di Luna), Mr. Foote, otherwise "Signor Franceschi" (Ferrando), and Mr. George Perren (Manrico).

The chief interest of the performance naturally centred in the debutante, Miss Eyre, and it soon became evident that she was too nervous to do herself complete justice. Nevertheless, it was equally evident that she possessed many highly valuable qualities. She is thoroughly at home in the business of the stage, and her acting is both graceful and intelligent. She has also the advantage of personal attractiveness. Her voice appears to be a well-trained soprano, more powerful in the upper than the lower registers, sympathetic in quality, and sufficiently flexible. Owing probably to nervousness, her attack of high notes was at times uncertain, and her shake was not always satisfactory. Her voice and figure seem to indicate that she will appear to most advantage in what are called "dramatic" soprano parts, and all that she needs for these, is greater power in the lower registers of the voice. Her execution of descending scales and close passing shakes was all that could be desired, and her declamation was full of dramatic energy. Her intonation was affected by nervousness to such an extent that, while in the first act she sung flat, in the last act she frequently sang sharp. It would not be fair to judge of her merits on a single hearing, and a liberal allowance ought to be made for the difficulties of such an ordeal as a debut at Her Majesty's Opera. We hope to hear Miss Eyre again, when she is in full possession of her vocal powers, and meanwhile, we have pleasure in welcoming to the Metropolitan stage, an artiste so qualified by natural endowments and artistic cultivation to aid the advance of English opera. Of the other artists it is not necessary to say much. The Maurice of Mr. George Perren, the Count di Luna of Mr. George Fox, and the Azucena of Miss Palmer are familiar impersonations. Mr. Franceschi, as Ferrando, sang like an artiste in music which was rather too high for his voice; the choruses were well sung; the incidental dances were executed by a clever and youthful corps de ballet, and the orchestral music was admirably played by the fine band, under the direction of Mr. Weist Hill.

The Bohemian Girl was produced on Thursday last (too late for notice this week) with Madame Rose Hersee as Arline, Miss Palmer as the Gipsy Queen, Mr. George Perren as Thaddeus, Mr. H. Pope as Devilshoof, and Mr. F. H. Celli as Count Arnheim.

CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.

MR. CARL ROSA, during his recent visit to Paris, succeeded in engaging for his ensuing season in London an artist who has already made a great success in Paris, Mdle. Fechter, daughter of the celebrated actor. Mdle. Fechter, being a mistress of the English language, will find no difficulty in acquiring the English of the operatic versions in which she will be prima donna, and not only on account of her own high reputation, but in view of the esteem in which her illustrious father has always been held in this country, her engagement is likely to add considerably to the already numerous attractions of the Carl Rosa Opera Company. As we have already announced, the season will commence at the Adelphi Theatre on Saturday, February 11th, with Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor*, adapted to the English stage by Mr. Henry Hersee, and so great has been the success of this work at Liverpool, Edinburgh and many other great provincial towns, that it will be played during the first week of the season (and probably for a longer time) without any change of programme. Among other important novelties will be Sterndale Bennett's *May Queen*, which ought long since to have been produced on the stage; Ignace Brüll's *Golden Cross*, which is one of the most charming of modern operatic works, and has become immensely popular in Germany, will also be produced, and will probably be followed by Mr. Arthur Matthison's English version of Mozart's delightful

comic opera, *Così fan tutte*. Nicolai's opera will be placed on the stage with a splendid mise en scene. That Mr. Carl Rosa's claims on public support will be liberally acknowledged there can be little doubt, and we are glad to be able to state that a large subscription list has already been filled up.

Herr Ignaz Brüll will play at the Monday Popular Concerts for the first time on Monday next. The distinguished composer of *The Golden Cross* is highly esteemed in Germany as a pianiste, and as a composer for the pianoforte.

The 66th season of the Philharmonic Society will commence on Thursday, February 14, at St. James's Hall, and the remaining seven concerts of the season will be given on Thursdays, February 28, March 14 and 28, and Wednesdays, May 1 and 22, June 12 and July 3, commencing at eight p.m. The orchestra has been remodelled, and in many respects improved, and changes have been made in the board of directors. Mr. W. G. Cusins retains his place as conductor, and the courteous and clever Mr. Stanley Lucas will continue to act as secretary. From him (at Messrs. Stanley, Lucas, Weber, and Co., Bond-street) may be obtained the prospectus of the season, including outline programmes of the first four concerts, at which two works by English composers will be performed, and three of the ten solo artists will be English.

Madame Trebelli has made a brilliant success at Stockholm as Fides, in *Le Prophète*. The Royal Family and a large assemblage of the aristocracy were present, and in addition to compliments personally offered to her by King Oscar, the great contralto was called before the curtain no less than eleven times, a circumstance entirely unprecedented in Sweden.

Signor Arditi, on Monday last, commenced his duties as conductor of the special operatic performances now being given at Madrid in honour of the Royal marriage. His appearance in the orchestra was greeted by repeated rounds of applause, and the Madrid newspapers speak in glowing terms of his ability as a chef d'orchestre. The opera was Rosini's *Barbiere di Siviglia*, and Mdle. Donadio, as Rosina, made a brilliant success.

THE DRAMA.

BEYOND the continued and deserved success of *Diplomacy* at the Prince of Wales's; the decided hit made by Mr. Toole as Chawles in the new comedy, *A Fool and his Money*, written specially for him, produced at the Globe, on Thursday last week, and which is noticed below; and the re-opening of the Philharmonic Theatre, on Wednesday evening, with a revival of Offenbach's *Genevieve de Brabant*; there is little in the theatrical world to record this week, except a few minor changes.

At Her Majesty's Theatre, *The Phantom*, the English version of Flotow's *L'Ombra*, and Wallace's *Maritana* have continued to be represented alternately, *Maritana* being especially attractive. On Wednesday evening *The Trovatore* was represented, to introduce a new Leonora in the person of Miss Eyre, a young lady of Irish extraction, who has already gained well deserved laurels as a prima donna at Vienna and other continental cities, and whose debut on the English stage at Her Majesty's Theatre will be noticed in another column.

At the Lyceum Mr. Henry Irving has again appeared during the week alternately as *Charles I.*, Matthias in *The Bells*, and as Lesurques, and Dubosc in *The Lyons Mail*, and with all the impressiveness and effect as formerly.

At the Adelphi, the children's pantomime, *Robin Hood*, has been limited to the afternoons of Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday. The Girards have terminated their engagement, but the Martinelli troupe continue to appear each evening in the pantomime *A La Parisienne*, which follows Mr. Boucicault's play of *Formosa*.

In consequence of Miss Alice May being engaged at the Philharmonic Theatre, her part of Aline in *The Sorcerer*, at the Opera Comique, was sustained during the earlier evenings of the week by Miss Guilia Warwick, whose rôle of Constance, the pupil teacher, was temporarily undertaken by Miss Bella Richmond. Since Wednesday, however, Madame Cave-Ashton has appeared as Aline, and Miss Warwick has resumed her own part of Constance.

The Lady of Lyons, with Miss Ada Cavendish as Pauline, has been repeated each evening during the week at the St. James's, where a morning performance of *London Assurance* was given on Wednesday with most a efficient cast all round, including Mr. William Farren, the best representative now on the stage of the vain and bedizened elderly fop, Sir Charles Courtley; Mr. E. Righton excelled as Dolly Spanker; Mrs. John Wood, vivacious and dashing as Lady Gay; Mr. Lionel Brough, grotesque and droll as the lawyer, Mark Meddle; Mr. Lin Rayne (except for a little formal stiffness), a good Charles Harcourt; Mr. Forrester as Dazzle, Mr. Atkins as Mark Harkaway, and Miss Bernard Beere and Miss Gerard lent useful aid in their respective assumptions. Miss Ada Cavendish's next character will be Rosalind in *As You Like It*, which is in preparation, and was expected to have been produced this evening.

The last nights of *La Margolaine* are announced at the Royalty, where a new comic opera is in preparation.

A morning performance of *Romeo and Juliet* was given at the Globe Theatre, on Wednesday last week, for the purpose of introducing a new Juliet, in the person of a Miss Florence Sedley. Of the histrionic qualifications of the lady for this ambitious essay but little can be said in praise, except that she was self-possessed, and letter perfect on the text, but the impersonation was, in every other respect lamentably disappointing. Mr. Charles Warner was the Romeo, but we have seen him play the part infinitely better. In the earlier scenes he was as graceful, ardent, and poetical as heretofore, but in the scenes of strife with Tybalt, and the Friar's cell, he glided unconsciously into ranting. Messrs. Volaire and Atkins were excellent representatives of Capulet and Peter. Mr. Steyne also was good as the Apothecary. Miss F. Garthwaite made a competent nurse, but Mercutio, Tybalt and Friar Lawrence were very indifferently supported.

In addition to the pantomimes at Drury Lane, Covent Garden, Gaiety, Adelphi, Aquarium, Surrey, Sanger's, Standard, Park, &c., the following morning performances will take place at other theatres to-day:—*Engaged* (the last of the series) at the Haymarket, *Charles I.* at the Lyceum, *Turn of the Tide* at the Olympic, *Our Boys* at the Vaudeville, *Diplomacy* at the Prince of Wales's, *Family Ties* at the Strand; *The Sorcerer* and George Grossmith's musical sketch, "A Christmas Pantomime," at the Opera Comique; and *Off the Line*, *Flirtation*, and *Bardell versus Pickwick*, at the Globe.

To-night, Mr. Tom Taylor's Haymarket comedy, *Victims*, will be revived at the Court Theatre, in succession to the late Lord Lytton's play of *The House of Darnley*, the closing representation of which took place last night.

There will also be a performance by amateurs, under the direction of Mr. E. Campbell, at the St. George's Hall, this evening, of Lord Lytton's play of *Money*, in aid of the funds of the Metropolitan Free Hospital. On Monday afternoon next, at Willis's rooms, Mr. Samuel Prandram will give the third of his current series of those remarkable recitals, entirely from memory, for which he has become celebrated. The play selected for Monday next is *The Merchant of Venice*, on Monday week, the 4th February, Mr. Brandram will recite *Midsummer Night's*

Dream, to be followed on the succeeding Monday by *Hamlet* on the 11th February, *The Tempest* on the 18th February, *Twelfth Night* on the 25th, and *Lovel's Wife's Secret* on the 4th March. The incidental songs in *Midsummer Night's Dream* and *The Tempest* will be sung by Madame Florence Lancia.

Mr. Frederick Burgess, the co-partner and manager of the Moore and Burgess minstrels, announces his thirteenth annual benefit for Tuesday next, the 29th inst., when unusually varied and attractive entertainments will be given, both in the afternoon and evening in the great St. James's Hall. In addition to an entirely new musical programme by the whole company of "minstrels," who will introduce for the first and only time a selection from the successful comic opera, *Les Cloches de Corneville*, numerous favourite artists from the London theatres will lend their aid on the occasion, including Miss E. Farren, Miss Pattie Laverne, Miss Russell, Messrs. George Honey, W. J. Hill, Marius, Harry Cox, W. Pennington, Jas. Fernandez, G. W. Anson, Furneaux Cook, Harry Jackson, George Conquest, Lionel Brough, and Edward Terry. The marvellous Girards will also appear at one of the entertainments.

As stated last week, Gilbert's farcical comedy *Engaged* will be represented for the last time at the Haymarket on Friday night next, owing to an engagement made prior to its production with Miss Neilson, who will appear after two years' absence on Saturday evening as Viola in Shakspeare's *Twelfth Night*.

GLOBE THEATRE.

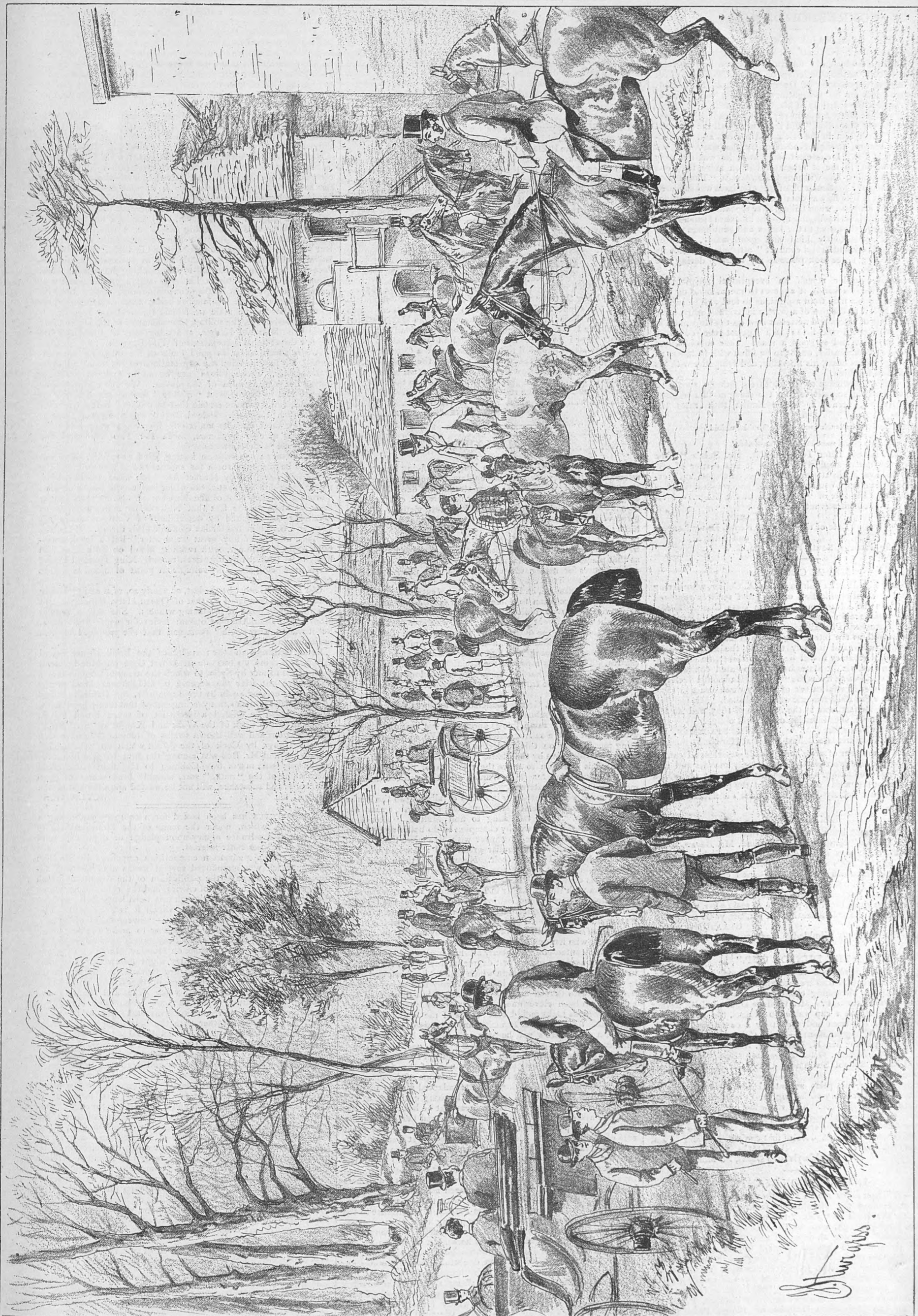
MR. BYRON'S new comic drama *A Fool and his Money*, written expressly for Mr. Toole, and produced at this theatre on Thursday evening last week, achieved at once a brilliant and well deserved success.—The dialogue, teeming with verbal smartness, witty sallies and jokes in the familiar Byronic vein, the numerous ingeniously designed ludicrous and farcical incidents and situations which abound in the first and second acts, and the irrepressible drollery of Mr. Toole in the principal character, Chawles, a bumptious vulgar servant of the pure cockney type, who drops his h's and talks malapropisms, combine in producing this result, and elicited, from beginning to end, incessant and uproarious mirth, interrupted only by the frequent applause of the highly amused audience that crowded all parts of the house. Of regular plot there is but little in *A Fool and his Money*, the mirth-moving fun arising from the troubles and ludicrous complications in which a confidential servant, the Chawles just mentioned, becomes involved through being suddenly enriched under the will of his late eccentric master, and the blunders he commits in his ignorant attempts to suit himself to what he calls his altered "spere." When first introduced to us, Chawles, disappointed at not receiving even a "momentum" under the will of his late Master, commits his first blunder. Percival, the nephew and heir of the late Mr. Ransome, has arrived to take possession, and is mistaken by Chawles for a young man applying for the footman's place—his error is soon rectified by the family lawyer, who shortly afterwards in looking over the family papers, discovers a will of the deceased's, which leaves the whole of his property to his faithful servant, Charles Liqueurpond, and thus disinheriting his nephew Percival. This young gentleman has been somewhat of a spendthrift, and, for concealment from his creditors, takes the place of servant and factotum to the now enriched Chawles. In the next act, Chawles has removed to an estate he has rented in the heart of Wales, where he attempts the rôle of a country gentleman, still attended by Percival, who coaches him in the ways of his new "spere," but to little purpose. Here occurs a succession of ludicrous and highly diverting scenes and situations—"Chawles" in exaggerated rustic costume is taken for the gamekeeper by Brabazon Vandeleur, a needy and pompous old adventurer and distant relative of the Ransome's, who arrives with his daughter Kate on a visit to the new Squire. Percival and the Vandeleurs had met previously at Baden, and an attachment had sprung up between Percival and Kate. The latter is delighted on again meeting Percival, whom she supposes to be the heir in possession, and he is unwilling to undeceive her. Another trouble comes to Chawles in the arrival of Mary Draper, a former fellow servant and sweetheart of his, whom he has jilted on his elevation to wealth. The most amusing scene in the whole play occurs here, where, to avoid meeting his now despised sweetheart, Chawles hides behind a screen and hears the jealous, angry conversation between Kate Vandeleur and Mary Draper—provoking bursts of laughter by his drole facial expression, and by-play when Kate and Mary both avow the object of their respective love is Mr. Ransome—the first, of course, meaning Percival, and the latter alluding to "Chawles," who under the will of his late master, has assumed that surname. The misconception of both is speedily removed, in Kate finding out that Percival is only a servant and scorning him for the deception practiced upon her, while poor Mary, still repudiated by Chawles, turns upon and exposes his antecedents, and the evil influence he exercised over his late master; the act ending with a general *mélée*, old Vandeleur denouncing the bewildered "Chawles" as an impostor. In the third act all things are set right. Old Vandeleur is determined, notwithstanding recent exposures, to force Chawles to marry his daughter who, however, still remains faithful to Percival, though to please her father she seemingly favours his project of her union with the rich *parvenu*. Chawles has become wearied and disgusted with his position, for which he finds he is utterly unsuited and unable to adapt himself to. One thing, however, he is determined to escape, and that is a marriage with Vandeleur's daughter, and disgusts that pompous gentleman by appearing in a borrowed suit of livery, in which to receive the fashionable guests invited by Vandeleur to the Hall. At this juncture, Percival and Mary Draper return from London with the intelligence that through the latter's evidence, Mr. Ransome's will had been upset on the ground of undue influence, and Percival succeeds, as legal heir, to the inheritance. Chawles, sick of his false position, receives the news with joy, and returns to his humble love, Mary Draper, to settle down in a roadside inn, to be secured for him by Percival, with whom Kate Vandeleur is reconciled and made happy. Being almost a one-part piece, there is not much scope for acting, except by Mr. Toole, who is seen at his very best, and never acted with greater drollery, genuine, artistic, and though necessarily approaching caricature, still true to nature, than as the vulgar, ignorant, and pretentious ex-butler, Chawles Liqueurpond. Mr. Righton, by well studied care and finish of detail, gave prominence to the character of the scheming old father Brabazon Vandeleur. Mr. W. Herbert personated the disinherited heir Percival Ransome with marked intelligence and gentlemanly ease. The small part of Milligan, the enriched Chawles's butler, as filled by Mr. Westland, was worthy of special commendation, and Mr. Grainger made a sedate family lawyer. Miss Meyrick made a pretty and charming Kate Vandeleur, and Miss Eliza Johnstone was, as usual, excellent as Mary Draper.

PHILARMONIC.

After several vicissitudes, this theatre, looking quite bright and cheerful in its fresh embellishments, was re-opened on Saturday night, under the direction of Mr. Charles Head, with a revival of Offenbach's *Genevieve de Brabant*, the piece, which brought the house into such popularity a few years ago. Mr. Head has collected a very fair working company for Opera Bouffe. The principals being Miss Alice May (recently of the Opera Comique),

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THE MEET OF THE WEST KENT AT SEVENOAKS.

Sturges.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. G. A. SALA & MACREADY.

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

SIR,—Kindly afford an old actor a small space in your valuable paper, to endorse the able letters of your correspondent (W. C. Day,) in your impressions of December 29, and 12th instant. All honour to him for his straightforward manly vindication of Macready against the scurrility of Mr. Sala's attack.

I was engaged at Drury Lane in 1842-3, then under the lessee-ship of the "Great Tragedian," and acted nearly all the principal "small parts" with him in the celebrated revivals and productions of that season, though Rodérigo, by the way, was not included in that list. I conscientiously aver, he was not only invariably courteous to me at rehearsal, but on more than one occasion, when acting, has whispered, a *sotto voce*, "Thank you, Mr. Carle," when any particular bit of stage business was executed to his liking. It is true he was occasionally what your correspondent aptly terms *brusque*, when, failing, after repeated attempts, to make the stage business intelligible to some blockhead supernumerary; but his general bearing to the ladies and gentlemen of the Company was consistently kind and gentlemanly, and the "systematic ruffianly and brutal conduct" attributed to him by Mr. Sala, certainly never took place in my hearing during the above-named years.

As I cannot consider myself an exceptional recipient of courtesy at Macready's hands, it appears to me astounding that the defence of such a man from aspersions so foul and so ridiculous, should be left to the pen of a private individual, when there must be numbers of actors and actresses now on the stage, and in retirement, who could wield the lash against the cowardly assailant of so great and so good a man. Your columns, and those of your contemporaries, ought to be filled with instances of his kind and generous heart, his liberality, and sympathy with his poorer theatrical brethren.

As Mr. Sala's knowledge of Shakspeare's Othello seems so very limited, I would suggest to him the study of that tragedy, especially Act 4, scene 2, where Emilia thus rates the slanderer:—

"Oh Heaven! that such companions thou'st unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip,
To lash the rascal naked through the world."

Fortunately, as Sir Peter Teazle has it, Mr. Sala's "crime carries its punishment along with it," for it is a matter of certainty he can never again attempt, after your correspondent's exposure of his blunders, to sully a sheet of paper with a tissue of falsehoods, under the title of "A History of the Stage."—I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

B. C. CARLE,
Late of the Theatres Royal, Drury Lane,
Haymarket, and Adelphi,
10, Redcliffe Gardens, South Kensington, S.W.

MR. A. CELLIER.

SIR,—Many friends and admirers of Mr. A. Cellier, who having a lively and grateful recollection of the great services rendered this locality, in the advancement of high class Choral Music, during his residence in Belfast, have been much pleased by observing the excellent Portrait given of him in your issue of the 12th inst., as well as the interesting notice of his great abilities, the position he holds, and is likely to do, in the musical world. But for historical accuracy it will be well to correct an error contained in the notice, viz., it states he was appointed conductor to the *Philharmonic Society*, it was the "Classical Harmonist Society," which closed its successful career of twenty three years in 1874, since which time the Philharmonic was established. Mr. Cellier's appointment in Belfast, was in the Autumn of 1865, and he left in the spring of 1869, your insertion of this will oblige.

Yours, &c., WM. SPACKMAN,

Hon. Treasurer late Belfast Classical Harmonist Society.

P.S.—As an amateur of some considerable experience I cannot resist stating that the great ability, gentlemanly manner and tact in training and conducting, a large chorus has left an indelible impression upon the minds of all who had the privilege of being connected with the Society during Mr. Cellier's conductorship.

ELIZA COOK.

SIR,—The current issue contains a review of the song, "Sir Harold the Hunter," composed by my friend, Mr. Bevan, which your musical critic says is a "spirited and melodious setting of the late Eliza Cook's well-known poem." This is an error which for some unknown reason has obtained credence in many quarters. It will probably interest your readers to hear that this gifted lady is, and has been for some time, resident in Wimbledon. Only a few days since I had the pleasure of seeing her, apparently in the enjoyment of excellent health.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

GERARD HENRY.

Apsley House, South Wimbledon, January 22nd, 1878.

"THE DUNLOP CUP."

SIR,—Will you permit me to intimate through your columns, to those of your readers who are interested in swimming matters, that an additional swimming event has been provided for next and the following seasons? Mr. Wallace Dunlop, C.B., having offered for competition a cup value 50 guineas, the arrangement of contests for it has been undertaken by a committee, consisting of the following gentlemen:—Mr. J. Collard, of the Serpentine Swimming Club; Mr. H. Davenport, of the Ilex Swimming Club; Mr. R. H. W. Dunlop, of the Otter Swimming Club; Mr. J. Macgregor, of the London School Swimming Club; Mr. S. Willis, of the Otter Swimming Club.

The contests for this prize are intended to illustrate the relative advantages of ordinary swimming, and the other modes, such as "plate swimming," &c. The races are to be practical tests of power, endurance, and speed in open water, or if held in a bath, the turnings are to be short of the walls. I hope to be able to publish shortly the rules, date of first competition, &c.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

S. WILLIS, Hon. Sec.,
St. Marylebone Baths, St. Marylebone.

INFORMATION WANTED.

SIR,—Will you allow me to seek through your aid any information concerning the Hutchinson family, of Shipton, near York, after the death of "John," the breeder of Hambletonian, Overton, Beningbrough, who, as the "Druid" informs us (Post and Paddock, chapter 2), departed this life in 1806, "leaving a very large fortune behind him(?)" From tradition, this statement I have reason to dispute. Beningbrough won the Leger in 1794—twas sold by Mr. John Hutchinson at York, August, 1795, together with Hambletonian and Oberon, to Sir Charles Turner for 3,000 guineas. About 1798, I find, in Orton, a Mr. T. Hutchinson naming a mare or two—for instance, Pately, by Drone, for the Hambleton Guineas, or King's Plate (York, August 24, 1798), but whether he was son or connection of "John," I do not know, and seek to ascertain; for I have recently disposed of a picture of Beningbrough (by Garrard), to the best known name in London 'mongst sporting men, which

has been in my family's possession to my knowledge over 50 years; 'twas supposed to have been bought at the *break up* of the *Shipton establishment*, by my fore elder. Any information with regard to the painter—Garrard—would prove acceptable to the purchaser and myself. Was he in any degree related to the Cup designer, or well-known silversmiths, of that name? The picture itself is ultimately destined to keep company with other matchless sires on the walls of a familiar breeding establishment—principally presided over by a lady of rank and title.—Yours, Rus.

A CORRECTION.

DEAR SIR,—In your last week's edition you state, "that the Spartan Harriers held their long distance steeplechase at Hampstead;" it was the Railway Clearing House Harriers' long distance handicap. You also commented on the time taken in running the distance, 8½ miles, but the time you quote was that done by the limit man, Hutt, who had 11 min. start; the best time was done by T. T. Wilson (scratch), who covered the distance in 55 min. Trusting you will correct this error as to club in your next issue—I remain, &c.,

R. RUST, Hon. Sec. R.C.H. Harriers.

Railway Clearing House, 123, Seymour-street, Euston-square,
January 23, 1878.

AN URGENT APPEAL.

[Received by Telegraph.]

Constantinople, 23 Jan., 1878.

SIR,—I beg that you will allow me space in your columns to request the support of my countrymen for the movement which is going on here for the establishment of an International Refuge Fund for the succour and support of all refugees, without regard to race or religion. Full information as to the reasons which have led to the formation of a Committee for this purpose, and as to the manner in which the Fund collected by them is to be applied, will reach you from other sources. I only ask to be allowed to give my testimony as to the reality of the misery which has to be relieved, and as to the efficiency of the Committee which thus seeks means of relieving it.—Faithfully yours,

FRANK IVES SCUDAMORE.

TURFIANA.

THE evil rumours which have so long been flying about with reference to the prevalence of an epidemic among racehorses at Newmarket, but which have been strenuously denied, have at length received confirmation of a most unequivocal character, an own brother to Silvio being amongst its latest victims. It may be all very well, and consistent with the traditional policy of the racing stable, to hush such matters up; but it certainly appears to us that, in the interests of science, such a visitation should not be blinked, but thoroughly inquired into and sifted to the bottom, so that places at present unattacked may be put on their guard, and measures for curing the evil secured and published. We have never been quite easy in our minds since last autumn, when Favonius, Restitution, and others of the Mentmore stud fell a prey in rapid succession to some disorder or disorders unknown. We never could quite credit the assertion that the different animals succumbed to different complaints; but whatever doubts may exist on this point, the outbreak at Hampton Court was clearly not referable to natural causes, and it looks very much as if contagion were spreading through other training and breeding centres. The serious aspect of the situation is beyond all doubt, and we can perhaps hardly realise the tremendous catastrophes likely to follow in the train of a confirmed epidemic among racehorses.

We note that Mr. George Anderson is again to the fore with his bill for licensing suburban race meetings, and the measure will probably share the same fate as during the last session, when it was thrown out by a substantial majority. We may have something more to say on this subject as the time draws near for its serious consideration by the House; and Mr. Power has given notice of his intention to move the rejection of the bill, which will be good news for Mr. Warner and the confederation of metropolitan racing caterers.

Last week we intimated our intention of alluding to the Derby prospects of certain horses, and Beauclerc, of course, claims our first attention. It is refreshing to find Malton, "after long years," sending forth a worthy champion to do battle against the Southron, and to be able to connect with Beauclerc the name of P'Anson, albeit the once familiar green and straw belt will not be borne by Mr. Perkins's colt. Nevertheless, there is a true Yorkshire ring about his pedigree, for it will be recollected that the name of his dam, Bonny Bell, was pretty well bandied about in connection with the St. Leger in Lord Clifden's year, when that moderate daughter of the illustrious Queen Mary was the tip of a learned genealogist, not remarkable for his attachment to the "accursed blood" which occupied so prominent a position in the pedigree of Bonny Bell. However, like many another indifferent performer, who has achieved a reputation at the stud second to few of her contemporaries, nearly all her progeny having taken rank, if not as racers of the first degree, at any rate as remarkably useful members of the stables in which their lot has been cast. As in many other instances, the blood of Bonny Bell seems to have "nicked" with that of a variety of consorts, but though all she has bred has been clever ones, Beauclerc fairly "caps" them all both as regards looks and deeds. None of the family have been remarkable for size, nor is Beauclerc any exception to the rule, for like most of his sire's get, he is a well-turned, handsome colt, without any indications of furnishing into one of the big, "slashing" sort, after which backers hunger so unreasonably, seeing how scarce an article is a "big un" of the first water. We like Beauclerc none the less because he is one of the short and "set" lot, such animals being far better adapted for the ups and downs of the Epsom track, than big, lurching customers of the Wild Dayrell type, and we must confess that he has done all that has been asked of him handsomely enough, and that he is fully entitled to the position he holds of first favourite for the great race of the year. But Bonny Bell has never yet succeeded in producing a safe and good stayer, and the question must be, whether her union with Rosicrucian is likely to cure the tendency to which we have alluded above. It has been remarked over and over again that young sires frequently fail to procreate stayers until years of maturity have been attained, and Rosi's first efforts were decidedly in accord with the theory just propounded; although his brother, The Palmer, is an instance to the contrary, he having succeeded in begetting more than one undoubted "sticker" before he left the country. We cannot say that Beauclerc looks quite a Derby horse, but is built after the fashion of Macgregor and others whose speed was undeniable, but their powers of lasting more than doubtful. Every year we are told the same old story of the Derby horses being a bad lot, and about there being "nothing to beat;" but as the Epsom Summer Meeting comes round, it frequently brings with it proof of such assumptions being ill-founded, and winter favourites have fared but indifferently for some years past. We shall be surprised if Beauclerc can be improved one ounce, comparatively speaking of course, upon his two-year-old form, and we shall apply ourselves to the task of ascertaining whether any of his probable antagonists can show sufficient promise of expanding into foemen worthy of

his steel. Of Beauclerc's slight malformation in front we shall take no notice, seeing that it was congenital, and has not in the least degree affected his ability to gallop up to the present time; but we are inclined to think that the chances are pretty equally balanced of his standing still or deteriorating, doubting whether he will come out an improved horse in the spring. So far as good looks go, there will be nothing in the field to hold a candle to him, and his backers may rest satisfied that all that can be done to have him properly trained and carefully ridden will be carried out by those in charge of him.

From the most reliable authority we learn that Salvator is making rapid headway at Neasham Hall, where he has taken possession of The Palmer's box, with the stalwart Leolinus and the natty Kaiser as *aides de camp*. Practically he may be considered an untried horse, having had but a few mares in France last season, and he possesses the recommendation of an unbeaten certificate. Like his own brother Salvano, who has got some very fair stock for Sir John Astley, he is on a large scale, about 16 hands 2 inches, we are credibly informed, but it speaks volumes for his symmetry and shape that he has succeeded in pleasing so exigent a judge as Mr. Cookson, who has over and over again expressed himself as disliking big horses as a rule, an opinion many breeders will be inclined most emphatically to endorse. But there are exceptions to this hard and fast line, and probably Salvator will turn out as profitable and as successful as his predecessors in office on the hill-top overlooking the swirling Tees. From his blood, Salvator is likely to suit a greater variety of mares than most of his English contemporaries, neither the Flying Dutchman nor the Ion families being superabundantly represented either in the male or female lines. Cape Flyaway, if alive, is, we believe, the solitary representative of the Dutchman; while Wild Oats and Kisber, and other sons of Buccaneer are the few direct lineal descendants of Wild Dayrell.

A sire which, so far as good looks of his offspring are concerned, has fully justified the expectations of his many admirers is Doncaster, whose scions are bound to make a sensation during the yearling sales of the season. We have always considered him by far the most "quality" son of the Emperor of Stallions, and it is quite certain that he was the best stayer ever begotten by Stockwell. Indeed, staying was his especial *forte*, as in the few short cuts he undertook his wings were invariably clipped by quicker beginners, as in the Two Thousand and Grand Duke Michael Stakes.

Pero Gomez's subscription having filled so readily, there was found to be plenty of room for another sire at Bonehill, and the box lately occupied by Musket has been filled by Rosebery, whose great double event performance has raised him somewhat above the ordinary class of handicap horses. Some years ago we drew attention to the fact that Newminster mares were almost invariably better suited by descendants of Voltigeur than other sires, and Rosebery has further confirmed this theory. He is not, perhaps, a horse of any great "character," but a level, truthfully shaped customer, with running blood on both sides, and likely to be benefited by big mares, those by King Tom and Young Melbourne being especially suitable in point of blood as well as of "conformation."

Old Ellermire must be the last, or nearly so, of a racing family which may be compared to that of Queen Mary, Paradigm, and a few others in point of producing winners. She was a regular attendant at Blair Athol's Cobham levies for some years past, but it was to "my uncle" Rataplan that she produced her best performer in Elland.

Some yearlings, and the remnant of the Brick House brood mares, will come up for sale at Albert Gate on Monday next, most of the former by Sylla, to which sire many of Captain Ray's mares were put after the decease of Gladiator. Most of the mares were crossed again by the same sire, but Dahlia is in foal to Julius, who also shows a yearling out of that nicely bred mare. There will also be offered a likely lot of seven brood mares, mostly in foal to Cock of the Walk and Knight of St. Patrick, and of various and well-known strains of blood. We have seen some yearlings by Cock of the Walk which do "the black" real credit, and Mr. Bell was among the first to give him a lift by sending some mares from Cobham to Highfield Hall. And as he is one of the "natty" sort, suitably bred mares of good size, bone, and substance, will not be wasted upon the last of the Chanticleers.

SKYLARK.

A PROSPECTUS has been issued for a company embracing a new scheme, which, under the name of the Mont de Pieté of England, will advance money upon pledge or deposit of solid security at 12½ per cent. interest.

THE six days' pedestrian competition organised by Sir John Astley, which was announced several weeks ago, has been advanced another stage by the publication of the conditions which will govern the acceptance of entries, and the rules under which the men will compete. Although it is a challenge belt, nothing is said about the conditions under which it is to be held. This document we give in its entirety:—"Sweepstakes of 10 sovs each, for all comers; each competitor to make the best of his way (run or walk) on foot (without assistance) for six days and six nights—i.e., to start at 1 o'clock on Monday, March 18, 1878, and finish at 10 o'clock on Saturday night following. The man accomplishing the greatest distance (without assistance) in the specified time to be the Champion of the World, and to have entrusted to his keeping a belt, value £100, and receive £500; second, £100; third, £50; and any competitor covering a distance of 460 miles to receive back his stake with an additional £10. Any competitor (other than the first three men) covering more than 500 miles to have an additional £5 for every three miles over the 500 miles, such amount not to exceed £40. The surplus receipts over expenses (if any) to be either divided between the competitors who have covered more than 460 miles in the same proportion as the prizes, or to be given to some charitable institution. Two tracks will be laid down, one 12ft wide for Englishmen, and one 6ft wide for Foreigners (the former to be seven laps and the latter seven and a half laps to the mile). The *Sporting Life* is empowered to appoint referees, timekeepers, and lap scorers. The number of competitors will be limited to twenty (the promoter retaining the right of refusing any entry), and should more than the specified number enter, the selection of the twenty competitors is left in the hands of the Amateur Athletic Club and the *Sporting Life*. Each competitor to be allowed one attendant, who may hand to his man refreshments at a specified part of the track, but attendants must keep on the side. The penalty for a competitor wilfully jostling or hindering any of his opponents, or making use of bad language, will be disqualification. The judges appointed to have sole control over the race and any questions that may arise, and their decision to be final and conclusive.

BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, PAINS IN THE CHEST, SHORTNESS OF BREATH, PHLEGM.—DR. LOCOCK'S Pulmonic Wafers give immediate relief, and a rapid cure; nothing else gives such a sound, refreshing night's rest; in Rheumatic and Nervous complaints they act like a charm. Sold at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 6d. per box.—[ADVT.]

RISKS IN LAMING AND CALVING.—Wherever animals are kept there are sure to be ailments to deal with, and more especially in the lambing and the cow calving season, when colds, chills, inflammations, and fevers, debility and diarrhoea, and deadly gripping pains make their distressing appearance. But happily Day, Son, and Hewitt's "Red Drench" is the great blood cleanser and aperient, and a sure remedy for Inflammation, Fever, &c., while the "Gaseous Fluid" is the great pain destroyer in Colic and Spasms, and the true remedy for Exhaustion, Debility, and Diarrhoea in all animals.—22, Dorset-street, Baker-street, London, W.—[ADVT.]

A STUDIO EXHIBITION OF PICTURES.

LOVERS of art of the highest class would do well to pay a visit to the studio of Messrs. J. T. Lucas and Dean; where there are at present on view a choice selection of cabinet pictures in oil, and a number of choice water-colours by the best of the young artists of the British School. This exhibition, unique in its way, is an experiment on the part of the Brothers Lucas—an experiment, we would say, that is eminently deserving of success. They have arranged that their large Studio (the address of which, by the way, is 22, St. John's Wood Road) shall be employed as an Exhibition Room, where artists of repute may send such works as can be recommended as good investments of money, at the prices at which they are offered—only first-class works being admitted. Many of the works now on view can be purchased at less than exhibition prices, and every one is guaranteed to be the work of the artist whose name it bears. It is intended that the exhibition shall be a continuous one, and works will be removed as soon as sold and replaced by others. The pictures will be on view from ten till five o'clock, and from seven till nine, the latter arrangement having been made to suit the convenience of those whose engagements admit not of their seeing the works under a daylight effect. The contrivance for artificial lighting is, however, of a very perfect description. The presentation of an address card will insure the admission of the presenter. One of the most striking examples in the collection is a powerful sketch by Mr. J. Pettie, R.A., entitled "The Henchman," which is very charming in colour, and full of fire. This powerful head has been etched by Mr. J. T. Lucas. Mrs. Harper's majestic landscape, "The Wilderness of Sinai," occupies a deservedly conspicuous place in the exhibition; and we have among other well-known works, Mr. C. Green's "Come in," a dainty drawing; Mr. J. O'Connor's "Thames Embankment," better than a houseful of Canaletti, and possessing the desirable qualities of breadth and truth; the elder Ludovic's "Judy must have a new dress;" and three studies in the artist's well-known quaint manner, by Mr. Seymour Lucas. These are respectively, "Before Fighting," "The Entomologist," and "An Old Beau." "Song and Sorrow," by Glindoni, is a bit of humour that strongly suggests the pencil and treatment of Mr. H. S. Marks, A.R.A. A seascape by J. E. Grace is equally suggestive of Henry Moore. Besides the works of the Messrs. Lucas, amongst which we note a delicious head of a girl by Mr. W. Lucas, and the original of our Christmas number picture "Chips of the Old Block," there are a number of drawings in water-colour, amongst which we note a scene from "The Heir-at-Law," by Mr. Charles Green; "On the Thames," and "Summer is a comin' in," by Mr. John Parker—two works that would have done no dishonour to the pencil of the late Frederick Walker—"The Seamstress," a charming example of Mr. J. D. Watson's felicitous manner; a tender little drawing of a girl peeling potatoes, by Mr. Kilburne; a "Scotch landscape," and some Eastern sketches by Mr. H. A. Harper, and some Alpine views by Mr. J. W. Smith. Without going any further into particulars, and we really feel that we have done but scant justice to the pictures and drawings by the proprietors of the studio, which are on view at No. 22, St. John's Wood, we may conclude by strongly urging lovers of art and buyers to pay the exhibition an early visit.

THE NEW THEATRE AT DRESDEN: CENTRAL GROUP FROM THE ACT-DROP, DESIGNED BY F. KELLER.

THE Act-drop, the central portion of which is represented in our illustration, was designed by F. Keller for the new theatre at Dresden. The subject needs but little explanation. The centre figure represents Imagination, with Poetry on her left hand and Melody on her right—Poetry being accompanied by Tragedy and Comedy, and Melody by Song, Dance, and Instrumental Music. The artist, following the idea that a curtain should be treated as a carpet hung to separate the proscenium from the auditorium, has maintained the same rich colouring that forms a noble characteristic of the general decoration of this theatre, Pompeian red and gold being freely employed. Keller's design was selected in a competition thrown open to all artists, and the young artist—he is only 33 years of age—is to be congratulated on his well-deserved success.

HUNTING NOTES.

BY A HUNTING MAN.

HER MAJESTY'S STAGHOUNDS had a good run from Marlow-road, but unfortunately the deer got on some iron railings at the finish and got killed. On Friday last they met at Redstone Farm, the noble master was out, and a large field. The deer, Pantalone, was uncared at Westley Mill, ran to Binfield Park, to Bracknell Common, by the church away to Ascot, to Hatchet-lane, and was taken at North-street, after a capital run over a big country.

THE HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE DRAG had a severe run on Wednesday, a large and fashionable field was out, including Lords Newark, Ker, Butler, Hon. G. Capel, Hon. Mrs. Herbert, Lady Pollett, and many others. They met at the kennels, Spital. On this occasion, which was one of the stiffest this season, Captain Carrington trotted the hounds to Bourne-lane, and ran over part of the Windsor Steeplechase Course from Thorns meadows, by the cemetery crossing the Spital-road, by the "Stag and Hounds," over Captain Bulkeley's Park and Mr. Harris's fields to the lane, when they had a check. The hounds were then laid on in Mr. Smith's orchard, crossing Mr. Knight's and Mr. Dell's land, round Mr. Vidler's farm, across the road to the Rifle Butts, then sharp to the right over Mr. Grey's farm, and finished at New Lodge; any one knowing the country must admit this to be a severe and heavy line.

SIR ROBERT B. HARVEY'S HARRIERS met on Wednesday at Woburn Green, and a welcome there was to all at Mr. Gilbey's, a handsome breakfast awaiting all who chose to partake of the same. Found at once, and they had a pretty spin round about Woburn, to the delight of the villagers. Soon found again, which was run into in the open after a smart gallop. No. 3 afforded also a capital run. One of the gentlemen farmers had a narrow escape. The horse landed him on his back, but his stirrup held him fast for some time. Mr. Edward Aldridge shared a similar fate, while endeavouring to catch one of young Mr. Gilbey's Pony, his horse jumping sideways at the fence and fell, the rider's foot also remained in the stirrup, but fortunately the leather broke, or the consequences might have been serious.

THE OLD BERKLEY HUNT had their Annual Hunt Ball of Subscribers and Friends, on Wednesday night, at the Town Hall, Rickmansworth, where the hounds are kennelled. The stewards were the Earl of Clanvdon, Lord Chesham, Lord Ebury, Mr. Blunt, T. Drake, and Mr. Longman, the master.

THE VINE HOUNDS, following their usual custom, were invited by the Mayor of Basingstoke to luncheon at the Town Hall, on Saturday morning. The master, Mr. W. Beach, M. P. for North Hunts, attended with his pack. A large crowd assembled, but the morning being a severe frost there was not any hunting. The only "find" being found at the table.

THE SURREY STAGHOUNDS went into Kent, to find an outlying deer (Miss Brodie), and having been watched to her lair, the hounds soon got on her line, and away they went at a rattling pace over a very heavy country, she, however, left the deer palings of Eridge Deer Park, and at once mixed with the herd, and the hounds were whipped off. She is therefore still at large. The death of poor Harry Bowyer is a loss to all who have ridden with the Surrey Hounds, he was a thorough good sportsman, a bold and hard rider, and was liked by all, and was a great favourite with the Surrey farmers.

A MEETING of gentlemen, hunting with Her Majesty's Buckhounds, took place on Wednesday evening last, at Messrs. Tattersall's Subscription Room, for the purpose of electing a committee and officers to arrange for a banquet to the farmers over whose land they ride. It will be remembered that some three years ago a similar entertainment to the one now proposed took place at Willis's Rooms, under the presidency of the Noble Master, the Earl of Hardwicke, who was supported by Earls Granville and Cork, Lord Colville, and several former Masters of the Buckhounds, and which was the means of cementing that good feeling which has always existed between the members of the hunt and the farmers. The meeting was numerous attended, and a committee of eighteen was appointed, with S. Laing, Esq., Chairman and Hon. Treasurer; and H. W. Nevill, Esq., as Hon. Secretary.

In consequence of the death of Sir Wm. Stirling Maxwell, the meets of the Lanarkshire and Renfrewshire Hounds have been altered as follows:—Tuesday, January 22, Gartmillan, 11.0; Saturday, 26th, Finlaystone, 11.30; Tuesday, 29th, Fulwood, 11.30; and Saturday, February 2, Milliken Park Station, 11.30.

THE Ormond Hunt will meet this day (Saturday), at Loran Park, at 11.0. The Morpeth Foxhounds will meet on Saturday, January 26, at Longhorsley, at 10.45.

LORD COVENTRY'S pack of foxhounds had a remarkable run recently. The meet was at the village of Powyke, about three miles from Worcester, where, a fox being found, made first for Worcester, and swam across the river Teme, which was high and rapid from melted snow. Then being headed, he crossed the Severn, which was also in flood, at a point about a mile from Worcester. The field, a large one, being thrown out, crossed the river at Worcester, and raced through the streets. The hounds swam the river after the fox, which was in view, and a run of some six or seven miles further brought Reynard almost to his lordship's kennels at Croome, where the fox went to earth.

LORD WATERPARK, having assumed the sole management of the Meynell Hunt, the subscriptions have been raised to 3000 sovs.

WILLIAM HARRISON, the huntsman of the Lowther (Earl of Lonsdale's) Harriers, met with a serious accident while taking a fence on Thursday afternoon. His horse struck the top, and falling heavily on the other side, rolled on Harrison and broke his right leg.

ANOTHER of those periodical unpleasantnesses between the farmer and the M.F.H. came up for hearing at Poatefracton Saturday last. The Hads-worth Hounds found a fox on the farm of the former, and of course gave chase, followed by a field of some sixty or seventy horsemen. Mr. Fothergill, of Monkroyd, summoned the M.F.H. and several other gentlemen for damage done to his property. He was, however, informed by the Bench of the West Riding Police Court, that fox hunting, being allowed by the common law of the country, "their jurisdiction was ousted," upon which Mr. Fothergill declared his intention of appealing to a higher court.

CARRIAGES are perhaps the greatest nuisance to masters of hounds, however good-humouredly the infliction may be borne, says the *Pictet*, and those who hunt on wheels too often mar the sport of others, without any appreciable benefit to themselves. If ladies care to drive to a fixture, let them by all means, but they should refrain from going further. Their horses or ponies are seldom trained to behave well in the presence of hounds; and, if they were, this very training would probably imply a liking for the sport that could not be controlled when the pack was heard in full chorus. In addition to this, there is the possibility of horses taking fright at any moment. The sudden apparition of a scarlet coat leaping into a lane would be eminently calculated to disturb the equanimity of the most sober and proper-minded cobs, and if the thoroughfare should happen to be crowded at the instant, the most disastrous results might ensue. We will say nothing of the crowd of carriages that occupy narrow roadways at some fixtures near London, blocking them so that eager horsemen get hopelessly entangled in the maze, and have the chagrin of finding themselves completely thrown out of the run before they can escape. We hope we have said enough to induce ladies to exercise a little more discretion in driving where hounds are.

THE SOUTHDOWN FOXHOUNDS met on Saturday at the Kennels, Ringmer, in fine and genial weather. Champion led the way for Mr. Christie's covert, where Reynard was quickly on the move, taking for the brooks below the residence of the Right Hon. the Speaker, the hounds getting on his trail at the start, and keeping it warm for the distance mentioned. Crossing the canal, they followed him quickly, the horses having in the meantime to make for the road and cross over by the station bridge. Here they got pretty close to the pack, the sly'un having given them a bit of a check, but taking it up again they drove him through Fille Park, and on through Tilton Farm, over the turnpike to Selmeiston Church, thence heading north he made for the railway, crossing this and going for Chelvington, leaving Kype on the left for Deandale Wood, which he passed through and out at the north end. Here he had another danger to encounter, and so in faith had some of the field, for the wife of a keeper residing near, and who had before exhibited her Amazonian propensities, observing Reynard passing by her garden, rushed out with a double-barrelled gun, and discharged the contents of both barrels at him. He was, however, at too great a distance for the gentle creature's shots to take effect, though one or two of the horsemen had anything but a pleasant sensation as the charges whistled by them. The brush had in the meantime disappeared in the direction of Broomham Farm, where the hounds were rattling him at a capital pace, and from Broomham they drove him over the Lewes road into Laughton Woods. Here they ran a bit of a ring towards the north, eventually putting him down at the west boundary, near the Pound, after a splendid burst of two hours and twenty-five minutes.—On the previous day, the meet was at Poyning's Crossway.

THE WEST KENT FOXHOUNDS met at Bayham, the residence of the Marchioness of Camden and Captain Green, on Monday, for the first time during the last two years, the day's sport being, thanks to the generous hospitality of the host and hostess, commenced with a sumptuous breakfast. Among the company in the field were the Marchioness of Camden and Captain Green, Lady Caroline Nevill, Miss Corri, Mrs. A. Corri, Mrs. Barrow, the Misses Barrow (2), Mr. J. J. Barrow, Mr. R. Barrow, and a large party, Mrs. Caldwell, Miss Barton, Mr. Barclay Field, Mr. Stanley Williams, Mr. C. Fitch-Kemp, Mr. C. M. Fitch-Kemp, and a large number of the gentry residing in the neighbourhood, and the tenants on the estate. Tunbridge Wells, Tunbridge, and Lamberhurst being also well represented. Bollen, with his usual instinctiveness, soon found Master Reynard at home, prepared for a start; in a few minutes the hounds were in full cry, going straight to Frant Station, but finding this domicile "not good enough," Reynard retraced his steps to Bayham, and feeling that he was in danger of losing his brush by the closeness of his pursuers, he took shelter in a friendly rabbit-hole. The process of digging out was commenced, and as the hole did not turn out a cave of safety he was soon started on his way, and after a little law had been given him the hounds were again laid on, and eventually "Master Fox" succumbed to his natural enemies. Captain Green then directed Bollen to a particularly quiet, warm, sheltered bank, which the hounds had not touched that morning, and in a few minutes the field was gratified by the leading hounds opening to their fox. A cheery "Gone away!" from one of the keepers proclaimed that Master Reynard was no dullard, and that, owing to the Captain's edict, he must shift his comfortable quarters, and so with brush well straightened, and ears well thrown back, he dashed along one of the numerous turf rides on this delightful estate, closely followed by the pack. The fox took almost the same line of country as the one first started, making for Frant Station, and then crossing the line on to Mr. Tooth's farm; bearing thence to the right, he went over to the Hon. Percy Ashburnham's domain, and crossed Frant Green, much to the amusement of the villagers, and thence into Eridge Park, and made direct for the Castle, as though "he knew his way about," and was desirous of paying the noble marquis a visit. He then went through the Castle gardens, but finding no resting place, made for Saxtonbury. Here again a lively gallop was got across the park, but the hounds pressing the wanderer very hard, he dared not attempt to call at this favourite resort of his race. At Mark Cross the hounds ran into him. This was one of the finest and best runs ever known in this country, the hounds from the find to the finish sticking to their fox without a single check.—*The Sportsman*.

THE DEATH OF WILLIAM SUMMERS, one of the old school of huntsmen, took place on Sunday last, at the good old age of seventy-nine. Until a fatal disease (cancer) seized him a year or two ago, he was a hale, hearty man, and a fine example of what a temperate life, dedicated to outdoor exercise will do for a man. Years ago he hunted the Surrey stag-hounds round London, and he remembered drawing for a fox very near, if not on the spot where Kennington Park now is, when there was no house beyond the Elephant and Castle, and it was gorse and common pretty well to Clapham. Mr. Waring was, we believe, the Master for whom Summers hunted stag-hounds. Afterwards he went to Mr. Richardson at Findon, who hunted a part of Colonel Wyndham's country (lent him), and was succeeded in it by Mr. Napper, well known in the cricket world. Some seven or eight-and-twenty years ago Mr. Napper gave up, and sold his bounds to the late Mr. G. Wall, of Worthing Park, who had taken the Hampshire country, but in a week or two the negotiations fell through, and Mr. Wall resigned the Hampshire and took the Hursley. Summers, who had come with the hounds, however, remained on with Mr. Knight, and hunted the H.H. for some seasons, where he made friends amongst high and low. The Hursley being in want of a huntsman when Mr. Lowe resigned the horn himself, Summers took the post and eventually old Peacock, a very good but very lazy chestnut horse, for his trouble. In fact he was a loser to some amount when the affair broke up. He went on with Mr. Tregonwell and Mr. Standish, subsiding into the place of kennel huntsman, as age and rheumatics entitled him to do, when the latter took the horn. He however, was generally on old Peacock, and his keen eye for country and the run of a fox, often another mask to the kennel door long after riding up to the hounds would have been a physical impossibility for him. He went with Mr. Standish to the New Forest, and to the last he was as keen as ever in the kennel. When Mr. Standish gave up, a subscription was raised, which provided an annuity for Summers and Mrs. Summers, as a deserved tribute to merit which had very little chance of becoming known to the world. He was about the last of a school of huntsmen, which has well-nigh become extinct, men who were huntsmen to the backbone, and would no more have thought of riding down Regent-street in a hansom, fashionably dressed, with a flower in their button-hole, than they would have thought of going up in a balloon. As we have said, he was condemned to bad countries, hence his name is little known in fashionable hunting circles, excepting through his sons. Alfred holds his father's place worthily with the Hursley; George has for years hunted the Surrey Union with credit to himself and satisfaction to the country; and Richard has this season (his first with the horn) made a very deep notch to his credit in the annals of High Leicestershire. We are indebted for these particulars to a sporting contemporary.

If your teeth decay or discolour use Rowlands' Odonto, which seventy-five years' trial has proved to be the best dentifrice. Price 2s. 6d. per box. Rowlands' Macassar Oil preserves the hair. Price 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d. (family bottles, each to four small), and 21s. Sold by all chemists, perfumers, and hairdressers.—[ADVT.]

WEIGHTS FOR THE PRINCIPAL SPRING HANDICAPS.

THE CITY AND SUBURBAN.—TUESDAY, April 30.

THE CITY AND SUBURBAN HANDICAP of 15 sovs each, 10 ft, and only 5 if declared by noon on Tuesday January 29, to Messrs. Weatherby only, with 200 added; the second to receive 50 sovs out of this stakes; winners of a handicap after January 23, at 10 a.m., 5lb; of any two handicaps, or one of the value of 1,000 sovs, 10lb extra. About one mile and a quarter. 118 subs.

9 4 Potarch, 5 yrs	7 3 Kaleidoscope, 5 y	6 4 Dalgarno, 3 yrs
9 0 Mousquetaire, 5 yrs	7 2 Hadrian, 4 yrs	6 4 Preciosa, 3 yrs
8 12 Julius Caesar, 5 y	7 2 Chevron, 4 yrs	6 4 Cincinnati, 3 y
8 12 Dalham, aged	7 2 Organist, aged	6 3 Bishop Burton, 3
8 7 Hesper, 5 yrs	7 2 Lina, 3 yrs	6 2 C by Jove—Spec
8 6 Arbitrator, 4 yrs	7 2 Manoeuvre, 4 yrs	6 2 Fair Lyonesse 3 y
8 5 Placida, 4 yrs	7 1 Shillelagh, 4 yrs	6 0 Eminence 3 yrs
8 4 Fontainebleau, 4 yrs	7 1 Juan, 4 yrs	6 0 King Olaf 3 yrs
8 4 Verneuil, 4 yrs	7 1 Sidonia, 4 yrs	6 0 Speculator 3 yrs
8 2 Belphebe, 4 yrs	7 1 Mirobolante, 4 y	6 0 Kidotto 3 yrs
8 2 Hopbloom, 5 yrs	7 0 Verdurette, 4 yrs	6 0 Red Comyn 3 yrs
7 13 John Day, 5 yrs	7 0 Norwich, 4 yrs	6 0 Haddon 3 yrs
7 12 Kineton, 6 yrs	7 0 Balbriggan, 6 yrs	5 12 Antient Pistol 3 y
7 12 Rob Roy, 4 yrs	7 0 Winchelsea, 4 yrs	5 12 Astronomer 3 yrs
7 12 Rosy Cross, 4 yrs	7 0 Adamlark, 5 yrs	5 12 Precedence 3 yrs
7 12 Woodlands, 6 yrs	7 0 Adamlark, 5 yrs	5 12 Knighthood 3 yrs
7 11 Snail, aged	7 0 Strathmore, 4 yrs	5 10 Priscillian 3 yrs
7 11 Prince George, 5 yrs	7 0 Wisdom, 5 yrs	5 10 Conductor 3 yrs
7 10 Rhidorroch, 4 y	7 12 Plaisante, 4 yrs	5 10 C by Knight of the Garter
7 10 Blantyre, aged	7 12 Cheetah, 4 yrs	5 10 Vimiera 3 yrs
7 10 Rylstone, 4 yrs	7 12 Blue Riband, 4 y	5 10 C by Chattanooga
7 9 Footstep, 5 yrs	7 12 Hagle, 4 yrs	5 10 Bourgogne 3 yrs
7 9 Caramel, aged	7 12 Reveillon, II. 4 y	5 10 C by Buccaneer—
7 8 Muscatel, 4 yrs	7 12 Sheldrake, 4 yrs	5 10 C by Buccaneer—
7 8 Queen of Cyprus, 5 yrs	7 12 Blythwood, 5 yrs	5 10 C by Buccaneer—
7 7 Cradle, 5 yrs	7 12 Lord Clive, 3 yrs	5 10 Hope 3 yrs
7 7 Astrée, 4 yrs	7 11 Midlothian, 4 yrs	5 10 Musketeer 3 yrs
7 7 Roehampton, 5 y	7 11 Cartridge, 4 yrs	5 10 Sunshade 3 yrs
7 7 Aventurier, 4 yrs	7 11 Lancaster, 4 yrs	5 9 Centenary 3 yrs
7 6 Camembert, 5 yrs	7 10 Avontes, 4 yrs	5 9 Sauter 3 yrs
7 6 Touchet, 4 yrs	7 10 Ithono, 5 yrs	5 9 Garterless 3 yrs
7 6 Bruce, 4 yrs	7 10 Little Hany, 5 y	5 9 C by Adamas—
7 5 Helena, 4 yrs	7 9 Mount Grace, 4 y	5 9 Remnant 3 yrs
7 5 Pluton, 5 yrs	7 8 Laurie, 4 yrs	5 9 Chevernel 3 yrs
7 4 Advance, 5 yrs	7 8 Ivy, 4 yrs	5 9 Echo II 3 yrs
7 4 Lord Scroope, 5 y	7 7 Estelle, 4 yrs	5 9 The Rowan 3 yrs
7 4 Rowston, 5 yrs	7 6 Lucpenny, 4 yrs	5 7 Good Friday 3 y
7 4 Loisir, 4 yrs	7 6 Blue Ruin, 4 yrs	5 7 Bonny Betty 3 y
7 3 Bay Athol, 4 yrs	7 6 Sans Reproche, 4	5 7 Lighthouse 3 yrs
	7 5 Censer, 3 yrs	5 7 Broad Corrie 3 y
	7 4 Helter Skelter, 4	5 7 Sefton 3 yrs

THE GREAT METROPOLITAN STAKES.

WEDNESDAY, May 1.

THE GREAT METROPOLITAN STAKES (Handicap) of 25 sovs each, 15 ft, and only 5 if declared by noon on Tuesday, January 29, to Messrs. Weatherby only, with 200 added; the second to receive 50 sovs out of the stakes; winners of a handicap after January 23, at 10 a.m., 5lb; of any two handicaps or of the City and Suburban Handicap, 10lb extra. About two miles and a quarter, to start at the winning-chair. 62 subs.

9 0 Pageant aged	7 4 Lina, 5 yrs	6 8 Blue Ruin, 4 yrs
8 9 Mondaine, 5 yrs	7 2 Albert Edward, 4	6 7 Laure, 4 yrs
8 7 Charon, 5 yrs	7 2 yrs	6 7 Helter Skelter, 4 y
8 6 Fontainebleau, 4 yrs	7 2 Norwich, 4 yrs	6 2 Breeze, 3 yrs
8 5 Verneuil, 4 yrs	7 0 Cornbrook, 6 yrs	6 2 Quicksilver, 3 yrs
8 2 Prince George, 5 yrs	7 0 Verdurette, 4 yrs	6 0 The Buck, 4 yrs
8 2 Snail, aged	7 0 Strathmore, 4 yrs	5 12 Astronomer, 3 y
8 2 Belphebe, 4 yrs	7 0 Blythwood, 5 yrs	5 10 Caledonia, 3 yrs
8 0 John Day, 5 yrs	7 0 Shillelagh, 4 yrs	5 9 Fay, 3 yrs
7 13 Woodlands, 6 yrs	7 0 Harbinger, 4 yrs	5 9 Maid of Honour, 3 yrs
7 12 Whitebait, aged	7 0 Zuchero, 4 yrs	5 9 Golden Fleece, 3 y
7 10 Queen of Cyprus, 5 yrs	7 0 Woodcock, 6 yrs	5 9 Conductor, 3 yrs
7 10 Chesterton, 4 yrs	7 0 Adamite, 4 yrs	5 7 Croxton, 3 yrs
7 10 Jester, 5 yrs	7 13 Sheldrake, 4 yrs	5 7 Mida, 3 yrs
7 10 Kystone, 4 yrs	7 12 Douro, 4 yrs	5 7 Boniface, 3 yrs
7 10 Rhidorroch, 4 yrs	7 12 First Spring, 4 y	5 7 The Rowan 3 yrs
7 7 Muscatel, 4 yrs	7 12 Bugle, 4 yrs	5 7 Dunrobin, 3 yrs
7 7 Scamp, aged	7 12 Hockerill, 4 yrs	5 7 Tartan, 3 yrs
7 7 Astrée, 4 yrs	7 11 Garbroch, 4 yrs	5 7 C by Tynedale—
7 6 Chancellor, 6 yrs	7 10 Hengist, 5 yrs	5 7 Dame Marion 3 yrs
	7 10 Magnolia, 4 yrs	
	7 10 Empress, 6 yrs	5 7 The Rowan, 3 yrs

WEIGHTS FOR THE LIVERPOOL GRAND NATIONAL,

FRIDAY, MARCH 29.

12 9 Congress, aged	10 9 Juggler, aged	10 3 Tattoo, 6 yrs
12 0 Austerlitz, 6 yrs	10 9 Bartord, aged	10 2 Azov, aged
11 12 Chandos, aged	10 9 Peep o' Day, 6 y	10 2 Ftoaraban, a
11 10 Regal, aged	10 9 Prodigal, aged	10 2 Lucellum, aged
11 7 Pride of Kildare, aged	10 8 Weathercock, a	10 2 Marha, 9 yrs
11 5 Whitebait, aged	10 8 Roundhead, 6 yrs	10 1 Fred Briggs, a
11 3 Citizen, aged	10 8 Mont Valerien, a	10 1 Lord Berners, 6 y
11 1 Clonave, aged	10 7 Sir Hugh, 6 yrs	10 0 Bridget, 5 yrs
11 1 Woodcock, 6 yrs	10 7 Miss Lizzie, 5 yrs	10 0 Spectre, aged
11 1 Antidote, 6 yrs	10 7 Harmonides, 6 y	10 0 Pastor, 5 yrs
11 0 The Liberator, a	10 7 Sweet Meadow, 6	10 0 Lady Clifton, 6 y
10 12 Boyne Water, 6 y	10 7 Lancet, aged	10 0 Sedition, 5 yrs
10 12 Birdcatcher, a	10 6 Great Eastern, a	10 0 Truth, 5 yrs
10 12 Shifnal, aged	10 5 Curator, 5 yrs	10 0 Bellingr, 6 yrs
10 12 Chimney Sweep, a	10 5 His Lordship, 5 y	10 0 Mabel, aged
10 11 Jackal, aged	10 4 Rye, aged	10 0 Tabor, 5 yrs
10 11 Melbourne, aged	10 4 The Bear, 5 yrs	10 0 Sheet Anchor, a
10 11 Scamp, aged	10 4 Sultana, aged	10 0 Gallashiel, aged
10 10 Master Mowbray, aged	10 4 Vain Hope, aged	10 0 Caradoc, aged
	10 3 Rossanmore, a	10 0 Bon-bon, 4 yrs
	10 3 Northfleet, 6 yrs	10 0 Jack Brage, aged
	10 3 Verity, aged	

BIRMINGHAM STEEPLE CHASES AND HURDLE RACES, 1878.—The Hunt Cup Steeple Chase. The Solihull Steeple Chase Handicap Plate, and the Open Hunters Steeple Chase, close and name to Mr. John Sheldon, on Tuesday next, Jan. 29th. Particulars in an advertisement.

MR. PEDDIE'S address is 2, Place Frédéric Sauvage, Boulogne-sur-Mer.—[ADVT.]

STUD NEWS.

* Stud News intended to be inserted in the current week's number should reach us not later than Thursday morning.

MOORLANDS STUD FARM, YORK.—On January 18th, Mr. Bowse's Toison d'Or, by Buccaneer; a bay filly, by Thunder, and will be put to him again; 20; Mr. G. S. Thompson's Remembrance, by Wild Huntsman (dam of Telescope, Memory, Memoria, &c.); a bay filly by Speculum. The two following mares, the property of Lord Rosslyn, have arrived to be put to Lord Lyon, Cassiope, by Voltigeur, in foal to Cecrops, and Crossfire, by Vedette (dam of Ambuscade), in foal to Citadel. To Knight of the Garter.—Mr. Barlow's Hesperia, by Cape Flyaway (dam of Knighthood), in foal to Knight of the Garter.—JOHN HUBB, Stud Groom.

THE STUD COMPANY, LIMITED, COBHAM.—I beg to hand you the following Stud News, viz.: January 19th, the Stud Company's "Curacao," a filly by Carnival, and will be put to Blue Gown; 11th, ditto, "Papoose," slipped twins to Caterer (colt and filly), and will be put to Blue Gown; ditto, "Albatross," a filly by Blair Athol, and will be put to Caterer; ditto, Southern Cross, twin fillies by Adventurer, and will be put to. Arrived to Blue Gown: January 17th, Sir Wroth Lethbridge, "Duty," in foal to Mortimer. Arrived to George Frederick: January 20, Mr. W. S. Cartwright's "Phoebe Athol," in foal to George Frederick; ditto, "Landlady," in foal to Albert Victor. Arrived to Wild Oats: January 17, Sir Wroth Lethbridge's "Faith."

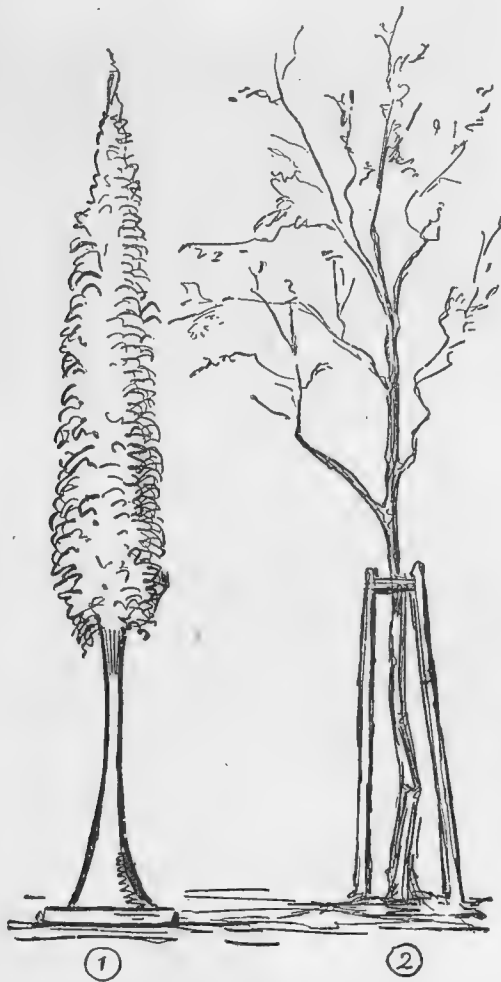
THE coaching men are making their arrangements for the coming season. I am glad to hear we shall see Mr. W. H. Cooper on the box again, as we have missed him too long. He joins the Guildford coach in partnership with the original proprietors, Mr. Walter Shoolbred and Mr. Luxmoor. The Guildford last year was the best appointed coach that left Hatchett's, and with this infusion of new blood, even better things may be expected from it. We all know what a coachman Billy Cooper is, and Mr. Shoolbred has proved himself in these last two or three seasons among the best of the new school. The coach commences to run on April 13.—*The World*.



THE LATE KING OF ITALY, VICTOR EMMANUEL.

OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

RECOGNISING the distinguished foreign aspect of the manager of the Surrey Theatre, the municipal authorities who preside over the immediate destiny of Blackfriars Road—the preservation of its mud, &c.,—have boulevarded the pathway with small trees.



With triumph they planted an especial couple opposite the portals of the temple of "the People's Caterer." Mr. Holland, I understand, is nevertheless dissatisfied—he wanted something more, not in the sense of quantity, but something more for all that. I will try to explain it with a diagram. No. 2 is the tree as it exists outside the Surrey Theatre. No. 1 is the some-



Mr. Holland's authority may be as to the treatment of decoration outside the theatre, his sway within the building is unimpaired, and the weary traveller anxious to avoid the painfully natural condition of the out-door objects, has only to hasten across the threshold of the theatre to drink an all-filling draught of art, both high and low.

Everybody looks forward to the Surrey pantomime as one of the representative shows of Christmastide, and no one is disappointed as year after year reveals "What Holland has done." For to Holland goes the credit, in the minds of his darling public, of everything that is done, from the playing of the big drum to the painting of the transformation scene. This hallucination is chiefly due to the plentiful use of his name in connection with everything about the place and the performance. "Advertise



Decidedly Classic.

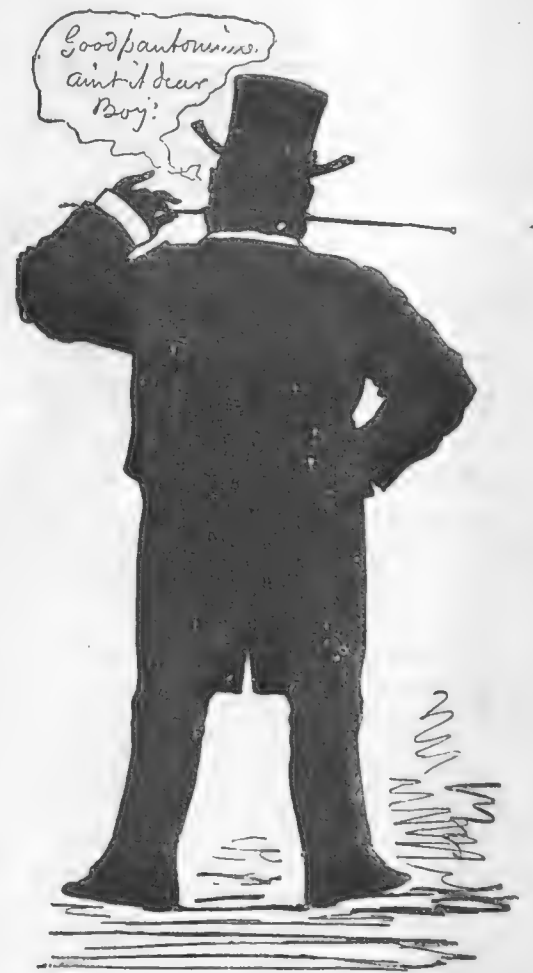
thing more Mr. Holland requires; be it known with the addition of a coating of Dutch metal. Verily municipal authorities are asses, and Boards are proverbially brainless—and the trees will remain untrimmed and innocent of gilding. However feeble

yourself, my dear boy, that's the way to get on," is his sagest advice. I remember the Great Creature once visiting his bank to draw a considerable sum of money—he wanted it all in five-pound notes; the bank could not conveniently spare so many, could he

not take some tens or a few twenties. "No, hang it all! I wanted to start a jolly big advertisement of my show and my gardens on the back of 'em." I do not insinuate that Mr. Holland takes to himself the credit of other people's industry or ingenuity. One glance at the programme would dispell such an idea at once, for I can even satisfy myself as to the name of the gentleman who is



working the lime light, or what genius moulded the comic masks. Still there is a sensation of Holland floating over everything, and no doubt his indefatigable zeal deserves that it should be so. *Dick Whittington and his Cat* is the theme of Mr. Frank Green's pantomimic pen this year, and in his treatment of the subjects he has given ample room for wild fun without losing sight of his story. The author is appreciatively treated by all concerned in the more important carrying out and working of the performance. There is plenty of pageantry



supplied by the stage manager, Mr. Doyne. With such names as Miss Topsy Venn (who plays Dick), Miss Nellie Moon and Miss Nellie Vane, vivacity, grace, and beauty of various types cannot be lacking. Mr. Harry Taylor and Mr. Arthur Williams, as Simon and Betsibella, are humorous and diverting, in fact, would be thoroughly enjoyable in their fun if it were not for the everlasting gags spoken of on a previous occasion. In their *poses plastique*

interlude these gentlemen are decidedly classic. Miss Minnie Marshall, who plays the part of Beau Bell, has fortunately to make frequent appearance, and sing occasionally with a sweet voice some pretty music. This fact to my mind saves the pantomime from falling altogether into boisterous fun and music-hallishness. The scenery by Mr. C. Brooke is airy and delicate. This gentleman (and he is young) bids fair to be a light amongst paint pots and brushes.

One circumstance in the performance, pained me very much—the introduction of deformity as an object of mirth. I hope Mr. Charles Pearson (the Royal Sussex dwarf) will not see this, and I hope Mr. Holland will. Nothing could be more grossly averse to taste than to drag into a pantomime a human being painfully misshapen and ugly. These objects of pity are all very well in the booth of a fair, where morbid people can see them, and others not so pass them by. But in a theatre where you must witness it, if you would not miss the rest of the entertainment, one is better away, say I. It is sincerely to be hoped that the success of Mr. Holland's dancing mannikin (it is successful, for some parts of the house applaud vociferously) will not encourage him to lay about with his managerial ingenuity, and find a still more unlovely exhibition to mix with the fare he will prepare for his Christmas guests. The Grand Floral Ballet is pretty, but too direct in colour. Of the Misses Elliott I was sorry only to see two. The mainspring of their pirouetting was sadly missing. After Mr. Brooke's grand transformation scene, with the neat little title of "The Fairy Home of Pomona, in the Umbrageous Groves of Fruit and Fancy," came the usual comic business with Mr. Lovell—"The great Tom Lovell" he is called in the bill—and I think is known on the Surrey side by the more endearing term of "Our Tom." He is a humorous clown, and takes a good jump. Here is a cutting from the synopsis of the "comic business" in the programme:—

Scene I.—A VERY PRIVATE HOUSE, OUTFITTER'S AND TAILOR'S.

What to eat, drink, and avoid. Look at the price of coals. Gloucester, quite the Cheese. John Bull can't bear the Bear. Barefaced Impudence. Family Ties. Tidy and Untidy. More Family Ties nearly Untied. Wait for the turn of the Tied. Ornaments for your Fire Stove. Great Costume Show. Catch 'em alive oh! A stick. Flies and "No Flies." A speaking likeness very lovely. Signs of the Times. School Board and terribly Bored. The Collar hard of Beadle. The Inexhaustible Box. The effects of Golden Ointment. A Footman and a handy man. Clown and Pantaloon the worse for wear. The Cat and Mutton. Some one axes for taxes, wants the rates and gets a rating. Good Suits and Bad Habits. Clown suits himself with a suit. A game of double dummy. One good turn deserves another, un-handsome behaviour.

Who, oh who, great Holland, evolved this flight of exuberant comicality? If I attend any more pantomimes I feel that I must go to pieces. Next week I will try and find a rational show to expatiate upon.

SKETCHES AT THE BOAT RACE.

ALTHOUGH the hardy operatives of the Tyneside, have had anything but a rosy time of it lately, the crowd which assembled on the banks of the coal river, were quite as enthusiastic for their man, as if a Bob Chambers (the First) or a Renforth had been contending with a "Southson" for the championship. There is no occasion to repeat the story of the futile struggle. For the present Boyd is out of it. We shall know presently whether a representative of the Tyne or the Tees is to try conclusions with Higgins. Let us, leaving Mr. Petherick's clever sketches to tell their own graphic story, hope that the river, celebrated in "Rokeby," may be enabled to send a champion to fight the battle for the blue riband of aquatics, with the holder of that coveted honour. Here's success to Nicholson!

"CANINE CHARACTER."

Taking a leaf out of the book of the late Sir Edwin Landseer, Mr. Dadd has, not unsuccessfully we beg leave to think, given us a series of sketches of "Canine Character" which are strongly reminiscent of the powerful handwriting of the great delineator of dog nature. There is less of the human than is to be found in Landseer's essays in the same direction, but, it may be modestly suggested, there is therefore more truth to nature. It is a page of sketches that Darwin might have studied with pleasure when he was writing his book on the Expression of Animals, for the notes—as far as they go—have all the fidelity of photographs, with, in each, an exemplification of curiously close observation of "the manners and customs" of the canine race superadded. Lovers of dogs—and in these days of the senselessly wholesale slaughter of "the friends of man" they are in sore need of protection—will appreciate Mr. Dadd's timely tribute to their many fine and interesting characteristics.

Miss Kate Phillips (Mrs. H. B. Conway) is engaged for the part of Maria, in *Twelfth Night*, at the Haymarket Theatre.

GOOD DAY ON THE THAMES.—On the 21st inst., five jack were taken by George Scribbins, head waiter at Lewis's Hotel, Maidenhead, one of which scaled over 20lb, one 6½lb, one 4½lb, and two 3lb each. The 20lb fish—a magnificent specimen—has been sent to Ward & Co., 158, Piccadilly, to be preserved.

STUD HORSES.

AT HEATH HOUSE STUD FARM, NEW-MARKET.

ANDRED, a limited number of thorough bred mares, at 10 guineas a mare, and one guinea the groom.

QUEEN'S MESSENGER, 30 thorough bred mares, at 10 guineas a mare, and one guinea the groom. (SUBSCRIPTION FULL.)

Apply to Mr. M. DAWSON, as above.

AT THE STUD COMPANY'S FARM, COBHAM, SURREY.

BLUE GOWN, at 100 guineas. CARNIVAL, at 50 guineas. GEORGE FREDERICK, at 50 guineas. WILD OATS, at 25 guineas. CATERER, at 25 guineas.

All expenses to be paid before the mares are removed. Foaling mares at 25s. per week; barren mares at 20s. per week.

Apply to J. GRIFFITH, Stud Groom.

AT FINSTALL, BROMSGROVE.

CARDINAL YORK, by Newminster out of Licence by Gameboy.—Limited to Thirty Mares, at 40 Guineas each.

PELLEGRINO by The Palmer out of Lady Audley, by Macaroni.—Limited to Ten approved Foaling Mares, at 25 Guineas each.

PAUL JONES by Buccaneer out of Queen of the Gipsies by Chanticleer, her dam Rambling Katie by Melbourne out of Phryne by Touchstone.—At 20 Guineas a Mare.

Foaling mares, 25s. per week; barren mares, 18s. per week.

Apply to STUD GROOM, as above.

AT THE PARK PADDOCKS, NEWMARKET

KINGCRAFT, a limited number of thorough-bred mares at 25s. each, and one guinea the groom.

Apply to Mr. SAVAGE, as above.

AT BAUMBER PARK, NEAR HORNCASTLE, LINCOLNSHIRE.

CERULEUS (own brother to Blue Gown), by Beadsman, out of Bas Bleu, by Stockwell, a few mares at 15s, groom's fee included; dams of good winners at half price.

MERRY SUNSHINE (own brother to Sunshine), by Thoranby, out of Sunbeam, by Chanticleer, at 10s, groom's fee included; foaling mares at 25s. and barren mares at 14s. per week; all expenses to be paid before the mares are removed. Both these horses are sound.

Apply to MR. SHARPE, as above.

AT REENHAM HOUSE, READING (ONE MILE AND A HALF FROM ALDERMASTON STATION).

CYMBAL, by Kettledrum out of Nelly Hill, will cover thirty mares including his owner's, at 25 guineas each, and 1 guinea to the groom. Cymbal has covered in France several seasons, and among the first of his get is Plaisance, while his two-year-old winners in France and England comprise, Phenix, Porcelaine, Silence, Ma Cherie, Charbonnette, Maroc II., and Opoponax.

Apply to Mr. THOS. CARTWRIGHT, Stud Groom.

AT REENHAM HOUSE, READING (ONE MILE AND A HALF FROM ALDERMASTON STATION).

KING OF THE FOREST, by Scottish Chief, will cover thirty mares, including his owner's, at 50 gs. each, and 1 guinea to the groom.

Apply to Mr. THOS. CARTWRIGHT, Stud Groom.

AT MOORLANDS STUD FARM, YORK.

KNIGHT OF THE GARTER.—At 40 Guineas, Groom's fee £1.

LORD LYON.—At 50 Guineas, Groom's fee £1.

SPECULUM.—At 50 Guineas, Groom's fee £1.

THUNDER.—At 20 Guineas, Groom's fee £1.

All expenses to be paid previous to the removal of mares. Foaling mares, 25s. per week; barren mares, 18s. per week.

Apply to Mr. HUBY, as above.

THE LATE KING VICTOR EMANUEL.

As the soldier king of a warlike people with an obscure but not uneventful history, we heard little of Sardinia and Victor Emanuel before Garibaldi laid the foundations of Italian freedom, and Parma, Modena, the Romagna, and Tuscany successively voted by universal suffrage for annexation to Sardinia. First King of his name in Italy, he was the second of Sardinia. On the 14th of March, 1820, he was born; in March 1849, he was crowned King of Sardinia, on the 14th of March, 1861, he was declared King of Italy, and successor to Napoleon, who was the first King of Modern Italy, and on the 14th of March, 1844, his heir, Humbert, the present King of Italy, was born. Victor Emanuel was of the royal house of S. voy hereditary rulers over Piedmont, the coast of Genoa and the island of Sardinia. In estate and dignity, for a time, and during the wars of the first Napoleon, his family suffered a considerable loss of dominion, but the Treaty of Vienna restored the power and dignity of this princely race, of which Italian unity was one of the strongest and oldest aspirations.

The father of the late King, Charles Albert, championed the cause of Italy in arms against the huge power of Austria, in 1848, and although, as might have been expected, he failed, yet he won the gratitude of the people he so boldly sought to free, and when, in the despondency of defeat he relinquished his throne to Victor Emanuel, and retired to Lisbon, the debt was not forgotten. The son, at the time he ascended the throne, was a distinguished soldier, whose life had been devoted to the profession of arms, and he devoted himself with honesty and earnestness, aided by Count Cavour, to benefit and improve the social condition of the people he governed. In January, 1855, he joined his forces to those of England and France against Russia. In Dec., 1855, he visited this country, and was everywhere received with enthusiastic expressions of esteem and kindly feeling. The story of his life from that date belongs to the history of United Italy, and will be within the recollection of nearly all our readers. He was married in April, 1842, to the Archduchess Adelaide of Austria, was left a widower in January, 1855, but was again married (morganatically) in September, 1872, to Rosa Vercellana, created Countess de Miraflore. By his first marriage he left issue (1) Princess Clothilde, born in 1843, and married in 1859 to Prince Napoleon Jerome Bonaparte; (2) Humbert, Prince of Piedmont, now King, who married, in 1868, his cousin, Princess Margherita of Genoa; and (3) Prince Amadeo, Duke of Aosta, ex-King of Spain, who was born in 1845, and married in 1867 Maria, daughter of Prince Carlo Emanuel del Pozzo della Cisterna, who died Nov. 8, 1876.

It is about 690 years since a Humbert of the House of Savoy ascended the throne. The first king of that name was surnamed *Umberto Biancomano* (Humbert the White Hand), because of the purity with which he governed. The second king of that name was Humbert II., who was the sixth Count of Moriana, and succeeded his father Amadeus II. A.D. 1097. He was surnamed *Umberto il Rinforzato*, because of his extraordinary physical strength and ruddy complexion. He died A.D. 1108. Humbert III., *il Santo* (the Saint), was born when, after twenty years of matrimony, his father feared that, with his death, the House of Savoy would have become extinct. He was crowned A.D. 1155, died A.D. 1188.

In its issue for January 19, the *Man of the World* gives the following particulars regarding the late King:—

A few days before the King's illness was considered serious, whilst he felt but slightly indisposed, and during the reception of the Council at the Quirinal, when he was signing several State documents, he remarked—"I see Depretis has caused a fire to be lighted, contrary to my usual habit, because I feel very cold; last night I did not feel at all well." "You must take more care of yourself, Sir," said one of the Council. "I take care of myself?" replied he. The King then commenced signing the various papers placed before him by the President of the Council, when he suddenly stopped, and, reading a decree pensioning off an *employé* of one of the Ministers on account of ill-health, turned to the President and said, smiling—"I also want to be allowed to retire on account of my health." "Sir," responded Depretis, a little disturbed, but continuing the jest, "for the King ill-health is no motive for retirement." His Majesty was silent, and proceeded to sign the remaining decrees. The body of Victor Emanuel, dressed as when lying in state, was placed in a zinc coffin covered with white satin, having glass in the lid; this was again enclosed in another coffin of walnut wood, upholstered with crimson velvet, ornamented with deep bullion lace, and gilt bronze handles. The funeral ceremony of last week has already been fully described in all our daily and weekly contemporaries.

THE Road Club will in April next place a coach at the disposal of its members for race and hunting meetings, &c.

A "History of the English Turf," by Mr. Rice, of the *Toronto Globe*, is in the press.

THE death of Mr. Harry Lang, of Manchester, was announced in the *Sporting Chronicle* of last Tuesday.

MISS CLARA VESEY.

THIS bright and attractive young artiste is, as most admirers of English Opera-bouffe know, a sister of Emily Soldene, and has, during the whole of her career on the stage, been associated with that lady in the pieces which she has so greatly helped to make famous. Her first appearance was at the Lyceum, under the management of the brothers Mansell, when she played a small part in *Little Faust*, her sister filling the rôle of Marguerite to M. Hervé's *Faust*. She afterwards appeared as Oswald, page to the Duke, in *Génévieve de Brabant*, when that piece burst upon the town, and at once made opera bouffe popular, and discovered to the playgoers of the West-end the existence of the Philharmonic Theatre. We next meet with her in *Madame Angot* at the Gaiety. During her brief but remarkably busy career, Miss Clara Vesey has appeared as Clairette, Wanda, the Plaintiff, in *Trial by Jury*, Fortunato in *L'Archiduc*, and on the tours with her sister, both in England and America, she has been her sister's understudy, and in that capacity has taken the lead when it chanced to be necessary. Under the management of Mr. Charles Morton she travelled 27,000 miles—which it will be admitted was rather a protracted journey. Miss Vesey is at the present time on a tour with her sister, with whom she has visited every considerable city and town in the United States, Canada, California, Australia. According to recent despatches from the other end of the world she must be now at or in the neighbourhood of Christchurch, New Zealand. Miss Emily Soldene and Miss Vesey will take in their tour home, India, &c., &c., and may be expected to arrive in England in the month of May. We may add that the subject of this notice is a daughter of a solicitor, and was born in the parish of Clerkenwell. She is unmarried. Our portrait is from a photograph by the Stereoscopic Company.

NEW FLOWERS.

WE are indebted to Messrs. Carter & Co., of High Holborn, for the group of new and brilliantly coloured flowers introduced by them, drawings from which appear on page 465, from their beautifully illustrated "Vade Mecum" for the present year. Just now when plans for the forthcoming glories of our summer flower gardens are uppermost in the minds of those whose homes are not drearily gardenless; these drawings will have special interest. The cut numbered 1571 in the catalogue, is a specimen of the new black Salpiglossis—No. 1824 is a new Wallflower, christened the Golden Tom Thumb. 867 represents *Gladolus*, newest of the French Hybrids, and No. 562 the new French perpetual flowering carnation.

Miss Amy Crawford is engaged by Mr. W. S. Gilbert, for his new piece *Ne'er Do Will*, to be produced during the tour of the Dan'l Druce company, in the Provinces.

ON Monday, the 21st inst., the wife of Mr. Henry Forrester, of the St. James's Theatre, of a son.

Next week's number of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS will contain a portrait of Miss Gainsborough, of the Duke Theatre, Holborn—The Children's Christmas Tree at King's College Hospital, by H. Petherick—The Humours of the Past Month by Matt Stretch—Scene from "Diplomacy" at the Prince of Wales's Theatre—The Prince of Wales at Hamilton Palace—"The Grey makes the Running," by J. Sturgess—Portraits of English Composers—Mr. W. G. Cusins—The Theatrical House that Jack Built: No. 9.—The Stage Manager—The Veterinary College at Alford—"Ready!"—Scenes from Famous Plays and Operas, No. 17—"Fidelio"—Sketches by Our Captious Critic, etc.

SIGNOR FOGELBERG, who is succeeding so well in this country as a master of the voice, will give a concert at the Royal Academy Rooms, Tenterden Street, on Saturday, Feb. 2nd., at which some very promising pupils will appear.

MR. HOWARD PAUL will give his popular entertainment at the Town Hall, Hounslow, on Thursday, Jan. 31, under distinguished patronage, and at Gravesend on the 1st of next month.

MR. FREDERICK BURGESS'S BENEFIT.—The popular partner of Mr. G. W. Moore will take his thirteenth annual benefit on Tuesday next, the 29th instant, when two performances will be given in the great (St. James's) Hall. If any proof were needed of the estimation in which Mr. Burgess is held by the members of the dramatic and musical profession, it would be afforded by the list of names contained in the programme, which he has issued. In addition to the regular performance—strengthened and rendered more attractive by the introduction of several novelties—songs and sketches will be given by the following well-known artists: Miss E. Farren, Miss Pattie Laverne, Miss Russell, Miss Eleanor Bufton, Miss Lottie Venne, Messrs. George Honey, Pennington, W. J. Hill, Marius, G. W. Anson, Harry Jackson, Terry, W. C. Levey, Harry Cox, Fernandez, Paulton, George Conquest, Lionel Brough, the Leopold Brothers and the Girards. We have no doubt that the large hall will be crowded to overflowing by Mr. Burgess's friends.

AT THE STUD FARM, ASKE, RICHMOND YORKSHIRE.

KING LUD will serve a limited number of approved mares at 30 guineas each.

MOROCCO—At 2 guineas. All expenses to be paid before the mares are taken away.

Apply to J. TROWSDALE, as above.

AT MARDEN DEER PARK, CATERHAM, SURREY.

SOAPSTONE, by Touchstone (foaled 1860), sire of Mirflor, Hermitage, Blackstone, Minette, &c., 15 approved mares (besides those of his owner) at 50 guineas each and one guinea the groom.

Soapstone was sent to Germany in 1872, and has got good stock there.

Two yearlings by him brought from Germany last season were sold by public auction at Cobham and Doncaster for 1,000 guineas each. Foaling mares 25s., and barren mares 20s. per week.

Apply to JOHN GRIFFITH, jun., stud groom.

AT MYTON STUD FARM, near YORK.

SYRIAN, by Mentmore, out of Princess, at 25 gs., and 1 sov. the groom. Winners and dams of winners of 500 sovs., in one stake, gratis.

BLUEMANTLE, by Kingston, out of Paradigm (Lord Lyon's dam).—Thoroughbred mares at 15 sovs. each, and 1 sov. the groom; half-bred mares 5 sovs. each, and 20s. the groom.

All expenses to be paid before the mares are taken away.

Apply to EDWARD C. MUNBY Esq., Estates Office, Myton, Helperby, York.

FOR THE SEASON 1878.

AT OLD OAK FARM, SHEPHERD'S BUSH.

VEDETTE (sire of Galopin).—A limited number of Mares, besides his owner's at 25 Guineas, and one Guinea the Groom.

COSTA by The Baron out of Catherine Hayes (winner of the Oaks).—At 10 Guineas, and 10s. the Groom.

All subscriptions to be taken of Mr. TATTERSALL, at Albert Gate.

FOR THE SEASON 1878.

AT HIGHFIELD HALL, ST. ALBANS.

KNIGHT OF ST. PATRICK; the only horse alive except King Tom out of Pocahontas, the dam of Stockwell.—At 20 Guineas, and 1 Guinea the Groom.

COCK OF THE WALK; the only Chanticleer horse at the Stud.—At 20 Guineas, and 1 Guinea the Groom.

All subscriptions to be taken of Mr. TATTERSALL at Albert Gate.

AT WOODLANDS, KNITSLEY STATION, CO. DURHAM.

Apply to Mr. HAANSBERGEN for full particulars, &c.

MAGGREGOR (winner of 2000gs, sire of Meg Merrilies, Ranald McEagh, &c., the first of his get which have run), by Macaroni; approved mares 20gs.

ARGYLE (sire of Lismore, Stella filly, &c., the first of his get which have run). Argyle, 16-1 h. h., is the most powerful Adventurer horse at the Stud; approved mares 5gs.

AT SANDGATE, PULBRO'.

PAGANINI, at 20gs.

All expenses to be paid before mares are removed. Foaling mares, 25s. per week; barren mares 20s. per week.

Apply, WILLIAM LLOYD, Stud Groom.

AT BONEHILL PADDOCKS, TAMWORTH, STAFFORDSHIRE.

PERO GOMEZ, at 50gs a mare, and 1 guinea the groom. Subscription full.

Apply to Mr. PETER SCOTT, as above.

AT MARDEN DEER PARK, CATERHAM, SURREY.

SEE SAW, by Buccaneer, out of Margery Daw (sire of Footstep, Cradle, Beauharnais, Lady Lumley, &c.); a limited number of mares at 40gs each, and one guinea the groom.

Foaling mares 25s., and barren mares 20s., per week.

Apply to JOHN GRIFFITH, jun., Stud Groom.

SALES BY AUCTION.

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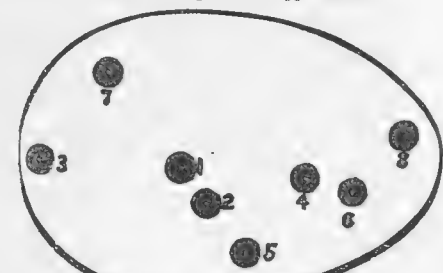
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 5. A FILLY, by Sylla out of Scottish Queen, by Blair Athol.

BROOD MARES.
 6. DAHLIA (foaled 1872), by The Duke out of Datura, by Newminster out of Snowdrop; served by Julius, May 19.
 7. BAY MARE (sister to Summer's Eve), by Stockwell out of Summerside, by West Australian; served by Sylla, May 24.

8. BONNIE DOON (foaled 1872) (sister to Clarendon), by Blair Athol out of Isilla, by Newminster out of Isis, by Slane; served by Sylla, May 22.
 9. SISTER MARY (foaled 1862), by Ellington out of Hersey, by Glaucus out of Hester; served by Sylla, June 9.

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 4. SCOTCH HAG (1869), by Blair Athol out of Hecate (sister to The Wizard), by West Australian.

5. TIT (1870), by Y. Birdcatcher out of Telltale, by Newminster out of Peach, by Alarm out of Preserve, by Emilius; covered by Knight of St. Patrick.
 6. NECTARINE (1871), by Brahma out of Emma, by Orlando; covered by Cock of the Walk.
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 4. HIGHLANDER, chestnut horse, 7 years old, by Blair Athol out of Lady Kingston, by Kingston.
 5. HELEN MAK, bay mare, 7 years old, by Lord of the Isles out of Jewish Maid.
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For performances see "Racing Calendar." Nos. 1 and 4 would be valuable as stallions; 4, 5, 6, and 7 are qualified for hunters races.
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[Horse Auctions continued on page 463.]

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DRAMATIC.

S. W. F.—John Poole, the author of *Paul Pry*, was buried at Highgate Cemetery in 1872.

SAML. CORDING.—The parts which you name in the *Two Roses* were played—1, by Mr. Irving; 2, by Mr. Honey; and 3, by Miss Amy Fawcett.

A. ASHBURY.—There was a tavern called the Boar's Head, in Shakspeare's time, and as it stood close by the Blackfriars playhouse, it may have been one frequented by Shakspeare and the other players of his day.

V. A. V.—If Miss Viola Dacre does appear at the Duke's Theatre, it will be her second, not her first, appearance in London, and at that house. She played on the same boards in June, 1877, Margaret Elmore, in *Love's Sacrifice*, and also in *Plot and Passion*, for the benefit of Mr. Charles Sleight, whose pupil she was, and of whose mode of instruction she speaks very highly. The young lady is not yet twenty years of age.

OLIVER.—1. Michael Drayton, the poet, was a native of Warwickshire, and his age was nearly the same as Shakspeare's. 2. There is no ground for the theory. If Shakspeare did not begin to write for the stage before 1593, how can we account for the playwrights of his day complaining of his making use of their ideas in 1592, as Robert Greene's "Groats-worth of Witte," clearly shows they did. Besides, in that tract there is a distinct allusion to Shakspeare's second part of *King Henry VI.*; and Henry Chettle's reply to Greene, also published in 1592, strengthens the case against 1593. Malone's conjecture was that Shakspeare's first play was *King Henry VI.*, and that it was written in 1589.

F. G.—George Bartley was born at Bath in 1782. His father was a decayed merchant, who was then a theatrical box-keeper. In 1802 he made his first appearance at Drury Lane Theatre, as Orlando, in *As You Like It*, on the 11th December, having been recommended to Sheridan by Mrs. Jordan. He died on July 17th, 1858.

A. SUBSCRIBER.—We know of no such printed list. Mr. W. Terriss, Drury Lane Theatre, is, we believe, connected with an amateur dramatic club of some standing.

A. G. (Edinburgh).—We are unable to supply the information. Why not write to the young lady's parents and guardians.

H. C. C.—The lady you name is married, and has children. To the best of our belief she made her debut at a very early age, at the Victoria Theatre, but whether or not she appeared at that establishment in burlesque we are unable to say.

N. H. (Buxton).—Yes; we believe at an East-end theatre. Write to Mr. French, theatrical bookseller, Strand, enclosing stamped envelope for reply.

A. YOUNG PROVINCIAL ACTOR.—We heard the same accusations brought against Macready often when he was alive, and there was doubtless some degree of truth in them. Yet Mr. Fourness Rolfe, writing in 1873, said "I have heard some actors accuse Macready of brusqueness approaching brutality at rehearsal; I never experienced this; on the contrary, whilst conveying the instruction necessary to the scene, to me he was always considerate and gentlemanly, permitting me first to rehearse in my own way, then pointing out where I was wrong, rehearsing the part himself, and on my thanking him, replying, with the smile so peculiar to him, 'I don't think you can better it, sir,' an observation in which I cordially and

sincerely coincided. I have seen him become irritable when he has encountered more than usual stupidity. For this very play, *Richelieu*, he used at first to travel with an iron double-handed sword, with which he described to the page, Francois, how he clove the English. Subsequently, however, the iron sword being lost, or mislaid, a large wooden one was substituted. Macready's acting in the scene where Richelieu tries to lift it, and fails from decrepitude, was as fine as with the real sword itself; but on his saying on one occasion to Francois (played by a lady), 'Francois, take away the sword, states can be saved without it,' the lady, forgetting the supposed weight of the weapon, and the mimic efforts she had that instant seen her master make to lift it, whipped it up as lightly as if she had lifted a fairy's wand, and placed it at the back amongst other weapons in the rack. Here he certainly did emit one or two of those peculiar growls and muttered blessings which once heard could not easily be forgotten, and at the end of the play, the lady, endeavouring to excuse herself on the score of nervousness 'Nervous people have no business on the stage, madam,' was the only reply vouchsafed."

C. P. G.—Gerard Johnson, who executed the bust of Shakspeare, now at Stratford-on-Avon, was not at the time of the poet's death, a resident in that town. He lived in the City of London, in Little St. Thomas Apostle's, Walbrook, no great distance from the Blackfriars playhouse, in which he, doubtless, often saw Shakspeare act.

VICTOR VON BOLSKA.—The portrait was published in a number of this paper for June 6th, 1874.

MISCELLANEOUS.

C. H. (Paris).—For the present we must decline, with thanks, your courteous offer.

FATHER C.—Sheer nonsense; turkeys were not introduced into this country before the reign of Henry VIII., and plum-pudding is a thing of very recent introduction comparatively speaking. The new fruit used not to reach this country before December.

NELLY H.—Country dances were introduced, as you fancy, by a lady, viz., Mary Countess of Buckingham, and they derived their name from their purpose, which was the introduction, into the ball-room, of her country cousins before they had acquired skill in those more fashionable and difficult dances—the Brawl and the Coranto.

A PUPIL.—Because, before 1752, the legal year commenced on the 25th of March.

M. VERE.—The lines are from Congreve's "Mourning Bride," and run, not as you quote them, but, thus—

"There's not a slave, a shackled slave of mine,
But should have smiled that hour thro' all his care,
And shook his chains in transport and rude harmony."

RAMASAMMY.—We can remember no others. Consult a good rhyming dictionary—say Walker's.

A THOUGHTFUL OBSERVER.—1. In the House of Commons, June 28th, 1850, when the majority in Lord Palmerston's favour was forty-five; and in the House of Lords, where Lord Stanley's Motion of Condemnation was carried by thirty-five. 2. Russia certainly was under solemn engagements not to seek the acquisition of new territory in 1829, when she secured a surface of 10,000 square miles, and the mouth of the Danube. 3. The treaty of Bucharest, in 1812, gave Russia access to the Pruth, with nearly half of Moldavia. 4. Russia extorted the exclusive navigation of the Caspian from Persia in 1814. 5. She advanced her frontier again in 1827, when England left Persia to withstand the claims of the Czar single-handed. 6. In 1833 she enforced, by threats, the expulsion of foreign men-of-war from the Euxine in time of war. In 1836 she established a quarantine to intercept vessels entering the Danube, and send them to Odessa; and in 1841 a treaty gave Russia the right of shutting the Black Sea against the war vessels of all other nations in times both of peace and war. 7. In a work by the late David Urquhart, published in 1853, there is a long quotation from a book published in Germany, from the pen of Dr. Nebimus, and described as semi-official. A paragraph therefrom will reply:—"England, who turns all Asia into a source of profit, supplying by means of Smyrna, Trebizond, and the Persian Gulf, the markets of Asiatic Turkey, Persia, and the neighbouring countries, now seeks to extend her China trade even to the northern coasts of that empire, while for the longer passages of the Indian Sea she substitutes the Euphrates, or a railroad across the Isthmus of Suez. In opposition to this, Russia will not fail to take advantage of every facility presented by her position, and the extension of her dominions in Asia. But the most effectual means is to open a passage to German commerce, so as conjointly to reap the harvest of British commerce, which contributes nothing to the Russian transit and carrying trade. By handing it over to Germany, its own transit and carrying trade would be much benefited, and the means are in her hands, by the navigation of the Danube, in connection with Trebizond. The time is come which invites to this concurrent enterprise, and a series of favourable events promise rapid results. These are—the extension and the strengthening of the Russian dominion on the Black Sea, the acquisition of the eastern ports," &c. 8, 9, and 10 must remain unanswered this week for want of space.

GEORGE JAMES.—At the battle of the Alma we lost 385 men killed. Between that and the 12th of the following October we lost more than 500 killed by disease, and 700 sent home unfit for service.

ART STUDENT.—Bartolomeo Cesi was an Italian painter, who died in 1627, aged 71. He is best known by the altar pieces he painted for St. Jacopo and St. Martino, and by the fact of his having been the first who asserted the dignity of his art by obtaining the separation of painters from the trade guilds, with which, up to that time, they had always been incorporated.

C. B.—1. Charter House-yard was the name by which Charterhouse-square was known in the last century. 2. The City of Westminster and the liberties, like Middlesex, had its own.

A DUNCE.—An armistice is merely a short temporary truce or cessation of arms.

R. TUCKER.—The Lepaste was a Greek drinking vessel, so-called anciently from its resemblance to the limpet shell.

G. S.—Carat originally meant a seed.

J. C. McD. (Julpigore, Bengal).—We are indebted to you for your cordial expressions of goodwill. It is exceedingly gratifying to us to know that the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS is making such steady headway in India, the more especially as there is no likelihood of an attempt to cut the ground from our feet by the establishment of a thieving rival as has been the case on the other side of the Atlantic. Your really valuable suggestion shall be borne in mind, and, when an opportune period arrives, carried into effect.

THE ILLUSTRATED
Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1878.

WHATEVER influence sport and pastime may have brought to bear upon the upper crust of society, there can be no doubt that the cause of "muscular Christianity" has been well served by those directing the tastes of the middle classes, which may not inaptly be termed the backbone of the English nation. We are not about to discuss the question of how far the amusements of the rich have been the means of drawing towards them a large body of imitators from the grade immediately below them; nor is it our intention to allude to the spread of interest in racing and other aristocratic pursuits, which is but a natural consequence of the increase in population and the greater publicity given to all branches of recreation by writers who make it their specialité to diffuse such information. There can be no doubt that events in the world of sport are now deemed worthy of prominent notice in journals which, twenty years ago, contained but mere passing allusions even to the greatest of events in that sphere; which may justly be said to have created a literature of its own, and no longer depends upon the caprices of the solitary journal formerly dedicated to its interests. Looking back to the times of a quarter of a century since, we shall find that while both the upper and lower classes were identified with sports peculiar to each of these sections of society, the great body of the nation were comparatively without means of turning their holidays and vacations to account, and consequently were led to aim below or above the mark to which they can now direct their attention point blank. So far as they could afford to mingle with their superiors in wealth on the racecourse, in the hunting field, or by the cover side, they dabbled in these amusements; or, lacking the money or inclination for these pursuits, betook themselves to the relaxations identified with the lower orders, and thus took their

pleasures more cheaply, if more sadly, than those of their body which flew at game rather beyond their range.

Though more men race, hunt, and shoot than formerly, as indeed might be expected from the increase of wealth in a population continually outgrowing its former limits, the great spread of pastime has taken place among individuals content to perform on a somewhat lower rope; and among the many varieties, be they of ancient institution or modern introduction, which supply healthy exercise to the class immediately above that of the "workers," we may instance athletics, football, and rowing, as having made the greatest strides in popularity. Cricket has always retained a hold upon the affections of our countrymen, and the "noble game" has waxed in importance and popularity, holding its own right well, amid the rush for novelties in other directions. To this assertion the new clubs yearly springing up and continuing to flourish bear ample witness, and it is a gratifying circumstance that the other branches of healthful amusement to which we have made allusion above, all tend in the direction of that "muscular Christianity" which, though propounded by a school of somewhat "goody goody" tendencies in days gone by, has shaken off associations which in some degree detracted from its popularity, and continues to influence for good the large proportion of the young and able-bodied community. We must attribute this most desirable state of things to the example set by our great public schools and universities, which in their round of amusements have long found honourable places for football, rowing, and athletics, the rise in popularity of which we are now about to enlarge upon. We shall be guilty of no exaggeration when we state that in the days of Arnold, Hawtrey, Vaughan, and their contemporary heads of great schools, football was a game peculiar to such "seats of sound and religious learning," so far at least as any recognised rules or method prevailed, though hybrid varieties of this king of winter games probably found place in the programmes of private seminaries, each having its own code of administration.

By slow degrees we have marked it taking a place among popular amusements, for whereas all thoughts of goals or scrimmages were formerly left behind upon an entrance into University life, in process of time the policy of putting aside so thoroughly English a game came to be called in question, and it was followed up with equal zest in the "groves of Academe" as formerly in the "watery plain" of Eton, the undulating meads of Harrow, or the time-honoured enclosures of Rugby. Hence it spread far and wide throughout the kingdom, and from a schoolboy's game became the pastime of men, who are thus enabled in the winter months to find opportunity for keeping the body in condition and the muscles braced during the interregnum between cricket and rowing. Years ago we should have ridiculed the notion of grown men playing at football, and laughed outright at the idea of children of larger growth meeting for important trials of strength in every great town north and south, and, moreover, having their deeds chronicled by leading journals of the day with as much regularity as changes in the Stock Exchange or items of Foreign Intelligence. Of rowing and athletics it may also be said that the nurseries were our great schools and universities, and that they have succeeded in finding their way out of these bounds into the middle classes by downright merit and innate excellence. Rowing must of course be comparatively limited in the opportunities for its practice, because rivers and streams are not so universally distributed as could be desired by would-be oarsmen; but the advance made in athletics is something extraordinary, and it is worthy of remark that in this case, too, the example long ago set in our public schools was taken up in process of time at Oxford and Cambridge, and finally popularised to its present extent. Now the athletes of England may be reckoned both a numerous and important body, and they are rapidly extending their operations in all directions, powerfully backed by public opinion, which is not slow to recognise the good which is now resulting, and which must ultimately ensue to a greater extent, from the means taken to cultivate bodily powers as contributing to mental energies. All the exercises of strength to which we have alluded must be encouraged and applauded, as tending to supersede those habits of indolence which naturally take root in individuals who, but for those attractions, would probably be led to a vicious imitation of amusements above their reach in a monetary point of view. The middle classes, have long stood in need of pastimes which shall be attractive as much by their variety as by the moderate means required for their indulgence; and time has proved that football, rowing, and athletics have lost none of their popularity or attraction from having been "overdone," in the same fashion as other national sports. Games involving exertion, endurance, and skill are never likely to commend themselves to the attention of the dangerous classes, who see nothing but hard knocks and blows to be made out of them, and no chance of profiting by their instrumentality. To inhabitants of large towns they come as an unspeakable boon, and are eminently worthy of the support of all having the means to establish and maintain such outlets for the energies of their fellow-creatures, which might otherwise be directed into a less desirable channel. The greater the variety of these inducements to cultivate health and muscle, the better will it be for all, and we ought no longer to be compelled to listen to stories of pallid scholars and unhealthy apprentices in populous places, seeing that some form of athletic exercise worthy of cultivation is within the reach of all. We hail this extension of sport and pastime, and hope and believe that its effects will be abundantly manifested in future generations; or whenever the "dim image of war," as illustrated in our playbills, shall have to give way to its stern reality.

"TOM PARTINGTON," in *Bell's Life*, says, recently, the Sinnington hounds, after a rattling run of one hour, killed their fox, the largest I ever saw. We took him to a neighbouring farmhouse, and weighed him; he proved to be 19½ lb. I have now been hunting for forty years, and never saw such a fox; and I am curious to know if any of your readers ever heard of a fox weighing so much.

WHY BURN GAS?—Chappuis' Reflectors diffuse daylight.—Factory, 69, Fleet-street.—[ADVT.]

"POOR DEVIL."

BY HAROLD KYRLE.

"Ah! old man. That's it. That's just it. What did I do it for? Hanged if I know; because I was a born fool I suppose. Did I care for her? Is it me? Not I, faith—at least—no. You see it was this way, Harry. Ah, but the yarn's too long—and—you're nearest the billy, old man, slue yourself round and lift it off. So—"

It was Christmas Eve. Not the long chill-nighted eve of jolly old England, but hot—blazing hot, and up on the reefs at Solferino, away to the north of the Clarence river, New South Wales.

We were up there amongst the first of the rush. Gold. But the times were bad now, and wages low.

Jack and I were mates. He'd been at sea. So had I. Met at the store, and mated over Laird's rum—warranted. Egad it wanted some passport down a fellow's throat, for the drays hadn't been up for over a month; and I'll swear there wasn't a sign of old Jamaica three weeks before, at the long weather-board shanty that did duty for everything in the shape of civilisation on the reefs.

Jack wasn't half a bad sort: frank, free—and twenty-three. We mated.

It seems years ago. The first time I saw him, was with a swag over his shoulder, an unmistakeable serge shirt on his back, a thatch to his head that a "Conway" boy would have revelled in, jerked jauntily back with the peak at "full cock;" a six-shooter stuck in his belt, and altogether looking about as jolly and new-chumish as any fellow who had yet come up to the rush.

Work was over for the day, and there were eight thousand of us—of all nations and all colours—lounging about the camp.

The store was in our centre—Jimmy Laird's "claim" we used to call it—and, by Jove, it was the richest claim on the whole diggings.

The boys hailed Jack with a shout. He just stopped for a moment, and the colley trotting beside him settled into a long, low growl.

"Shut up, Kaiser," and then he walked into the thick of us.

He was too free and jolly not to take all hearts, and before he'd settled down amongst us an hour, his voice was ringing through the place in a rattling song, and he'd made a dozen friends.

"Where'll I camp at all to-night, I wonder!"

I offered him a corner in my hut, and he came. That's how we met. He shouted rum—and then we went down the creek together—and never parted again on Solferino.

We built our humpy down in a quiet nook away from the camp, pegged out a claim on the "Don Juan" line, and worked it, till the lead ran out and times got hard.

Ours was a strange, wild life, with a lot of ups and downs, chiefly downs, but we got on well together, and were happy.

Christmas Eve! We'd just come from the store; been laying in a stock for next day.

Christmas Eve, with a cloudless, clear night, and a grand moon. Our iron bark fire crackled cheerfully, the cool air just lifting up the smoke which, as it rose, mixed with the long branches of the trees above.

We didn't feel like turning in, so stretched out upon the grass, and set to thinking.

Kaiser cruised round a bit, but soon settled; and turning his wistful eyes first at one and then at the other of us, snuggled his nose down between his paws and went to sleep.

I was thinking of a home away in England; wondering what they were doing there. Next day an empty chair would be placed at the table in my old place, and a dear voice, I was destined never to hear again, would say, "God bless my boy, and absent friends." Heigho!

"Say, old man," said Jack after a bit, "did you know I was married?"

"You—good God!—no."

"Begorra then, it's a fact."

"Where's your wife?"

"Devil a bit of me knows. Somewhere South, I think."

"You think! Scissors man, if I'd a wife—I'm thinking, I'd know."

"Yes—happen you would," and his hand wandered towards Kaiser.

A log of wood, burnt through in the middle, fell in two upon the fire, sending up a cloud of smoke and sparks.

"Curse the smoke!" and turning away his head for a moment, Jack wiped his eyes with the rough sleeve of his shirt.

"If you don't know where she is, old man," I said, "what did you do it for?"

It was at this point Jack spoke the opening sentences of this story.

I handed him the billy, and lifting off the lid, he took a drink of the stuff inside; we called it tea.

I knew, if I waited, he'd tell me all the story; for we were true mates, and his bothers were mine, as much as mine were his.

He took a pipe from the leather pouch on his belt and filled it. Getting fairly alight, he lay along with his face to the fire, and began.

"Harry, old man, it's often a smiling face that hides a sick heart—mine does. What did I do it for? Well, it was this way, you see."

"I was a born fool—from the first—darned if I wasn't a fool for being born, but that wasn't a matter of choice with me—if it had been, expect I'd have done something else more foolish."

"My poor old governor—God bless him!—brought me up for the army. Of course, I ran counter, and chose the sea. Well, I went to sea; gay old times I had of it, too, till they wanted me to stop at home."

"I stopped, and the governor thought he'd make a respectable member of society of me."

"He put me in an office. Shipping firm in Leadenhall Street. It was something—something—and Co. I forget what now. Any way I checked the 'Co.' first day I was there; kicked a coon out of the office, the second, for checking me, and the third, I flung a directory at the head clerk for calling me a 'useless article.'"

"I left next day."

"Coming down the street soon after, I saw the 'True Briton' stuck up outside Wigram's office, to sail for Melbourne."

"That's how I got here, Harry."

"Ever in Melbourne? No! Oh, well it's a fine kind of place. I thought it would be paved with gold, but it wasn't. It was blue stone, and jolly hard to find a soft berth on."

"Well, old man, there was a doctor's daughter—and—oh, you can imagine the rest."

"She cared for me a bit, I think, and I think I cared for her. I think I—but there—that's all gone now. Yes, I did love her, old man, love her with all my heart."

"She went away to Adelaide on a visit, and I did not hear from her. A fellow came up from there a week or two after—a fellow I knew—spoke about her—said she was flirting with another man. I wish I'd have crammed the dirty lie down his throat, but I didn't. I was a born fool, and took it to heart—nursed it up till it grew big and filled every fibre of my body."

"Damn it! it was rough on me. I don't quite know even what I did. I used to cruise round, and then—well—I forget—drink, I think."

"One night I was in the theatre, and two ladies, one an old, the other a young one, came and sat in a box behind me. They talked French. I'd seen them there often before. The younger one was an actress. They were there again next night, so was I. Same again next. It was raining. I got them a cab."

"Then I called—fool!—Yes."

He paused for a bit, and flicked the ashes out of his pipe.

"Harry, old man, I spooned that woman—I don't know why. She wasn't pretty—at least—no—she wasn't; fine eyes, that's all—but still a kind of face you'd have to turn round and look at twice."

"I used to buy her little presents. She liked the rings I wore. I gave them to her all but one—a plain broad gold band, with 'love of a life,' engraved on it in old English letters. She wanted that too—but I couldn't get it off. She got it off, though, and looked at it—asked me what the writing was. I laughed and told her, though I felt as if a knife had gone through me. The ring had never left my hand since—since—well since the girl I'd cared for, put it there and kissed me, under the trees by the gate—at her home.—Heaven! Harry, did you ever care for a woman and believe she'd thrown you up? Pass the billy, old man, I'm not up to speaking so much."

He took a long drink at the tea, and then went on.

"You love this girl who gave you the ring," she said. I told her I had cared for her. Then she said 'give it me,' well I couldn't, and I said so."

"She threw it on the ground, and before I could pick it up her heel was on it, and it snapped in two."

"The love of a life was indeed broken."

"Then she turned to me—I shan't forget her face—and told me to leave the house. I was going—got to the door—when she fell on the sofa and burst out crying."

"That was kind of rough on me, you know, and I came back again. The first thing I remember was a pair of hot passionate lips clinging to mine—a soft low voice whispering in my ear, 'Mon amour—ma vie—je t'aime.'"

"That's how it happened, Harry. I told you she acted, didn't I? Yes! I married her. It was private, in the sacristy of the Cathedral. She told me I wasn't to say I was married just yet, because she had an engagement to play in Sydney, and if they knew it up there, it would hurt the business."

"See that dog, Harry—guess he sees further with his shut eyes now, than I did then with mine open. Devil a word did I say to anyone at all."

"I lived at one end of the town—she at the other. I saw her home from the church—had dinner. Don't I mind that dinner! There were green peas—wish we'd got some for to-morrow. Well, I kissed her—said good night—and went home."

"That was Monday, October 27, 1873. Tuesday she went to Sydney—to play an engagement."

"I used to write. It was queer sending letters to a wife, Harry—and my own at that. I think I used to write much better ones to other fellows' wives—at least judging from results."

"One day a telegram came, saying I was to direct to her in her maiden name, to the Post Office."

"It seemed strange. But I thought of her engagement, and did it."

"Did I say she'd a sister? Well, she had. One day the sister came to me and asked for eight pounds. Wouldn't tell me what for. I hadn't got it by me; but I found it soon, and gave it her. Next day I heard what it was for. My wife had come down suddenly from Sydney, and wanted the money for expenses."

"Of course I went off directly to see her, but they said she was too ill, too tired from the sea passage, to be disturbed from bed. So I took a ring off my hand, sent it up to her with my love, and left."

"Two days after I did see her. She wrote and asked me to meet her and her mother, and take them out in the gardens."

"I went; but the mother I didn't see. She said she'd follow."

"It was dusk, and the moon was getting up—almost full. I'll remember that night, Harry, as long as I live. We met. She looked pretty, but there was something so cold—so—well, I don't know what about her—that I felt a kind of chill go through me when she spoke. I might have been a friend only."

"The evening set in. It was bright moonlight. We walked on together, not talking much—for married people, who had hardly met."

"We were in the Fitzroy gardens. Fine gardens, too. I could show you the foot of earth we stood on. There were trees all round. It was so quiet, and the moonlight stole through the branches, and threw long shadows over the grass. There was no wind; nothing stirring, nothing near us."

"Harry, did you ever feel it was your duty to love a woman?"

"She had never said a kind word to me since we were married; but now she turned in the moonlight and stopped."

"There was a pair of great, big, beautiful eyes looking into mine, a pair of little white arms flung around my neck, and in another minute her head fell upon my shoulder, and she burst out crying."

"I'm not stone, Harry. The girl was my wife. I lifted up her head, and kissed her."

"If ever a woman spoke words that a man could construe into love she spoke them then."

"I felt then—she was my wife—it was my duty to love her. I think for the next five minutes I did care about her, and while we stood there, a future I had never thought of opened up—and I was happy."

"She looked so pale, so soft, so womanly, in the moonlight, dressed in light muslin stuff—scarcely looking real—just a little thing like a bunch of flowers for a bonnet, and a thin lace shawl round her, which had fallen upon her waist and hung there."

"Then she kissed me a hundred times—great, long, lingering kisses. Asked me, did I love her?—would I swear to love her always?—never leave her? Could I forgive her faults?—she would be so true to me—would love me—did love me with all her heart and soul."

"Harry, did you ever think a woman loved you? It's rough, old man—cursed rough to find out you were wrong."

"Then she talked long and kindly to me; and at last said, with tears in those big, dark eyes, and in her pretty little broken English:

"Could you forgive anything in me—anything I had kept from you?"

"She'd an eager, pained look in her face, and she hardly breathed. I thought it was a foolish girl's question. Answered, 'Yes.'"

"There was a sound of footsteps on the gravel-path, and the shrill laughter of a little child."

"Tiens—bébé—tiens."

"It was her mother's voice!"

"For a moment the girl seemed pondering—looking into the future or the past—I knew not which. But suddenly she staggered back, and clasping her hands over her face, cried out—'Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!'"

"IT WAS THE PAST!!!"

"Harry, I'd sooner die a hundred deaths than feel again the pain that shot through my heart just then."

"She fell and fainted on the grass."

"I saw it all. I think there's murder in every man's soul on earth. I knelt over her for a moment. It was in mine then I know."

"The horrid, damning, bitter truth, was plain. I thought my head would burst; blood spurted from my mouth and nose. I felt a stifling, suffocating, choking, in my throat; and, with a cry that would come out, I cursed her there and then. I know no more."

His voice got very low and quiet; and he paused a long painful pause—thinking; then he spoke.

"I think they came and found me there. I turned to look for her, but she was gone."

"The moon was still bright, and beautiful. There was no wind, and everything was still. I thought I'd waked up from a dream; but, as I passed my hand across my eyes, I felt there was something on it that wasn't there before."

"It was a thin, gold, wedding ring. It's there still, Harry, and she's—ah! God—"

We'd left a shovel behind at the claim that evening. I went to fetch it, and as I crossed the creek, and stumbled through the ferns, a stifled heavy sob came down to me from where the hut lay in the quiet moonlight of that Christmas Eve.

SALE OF MDLLE. TIETJENS' WARDROBE.

THE fate of the common herd of mankind—to die, and be forgotten—is one against which even the meanest of our race rebels. Each fondly imagines that, in at least a few memories, he will be living long after all that was him on earth can neither be seen nor heard again. He has been dear to one, or two, or more, in life, and they will never forget him. He has, probably, been, as poor Joe said, good to them; has fought for them the desperate battle of life, shielded them from hardships and dangers, which he, perhaps all the while, patiently endured. Has practised no end of self-denial for their dear sakes, while striving with all his heart and soul to place them beyond the reach of care, anxiety, and want, when the stout arm, and strong heart, which kept them in peace and safety at home, can battle for them never again. He has trained and strengthened them to win victories when he has fallen in the great battle of life, wounded and defeated perhaps; or in hundreds of ways has fairly won the right of being gratefully and tenderly remembered after death. He flatters himself that thus his monument has been a-building nearly all his days, and will endure for, at least, a generation or two. And yet his every step has been amidst newly-made, but forgotten and neglected graves; and, day by day, he has witnessed the entire obliteration of heart-records, seemingly as deeply impressed and permanent as those he has been so long and secretly imprinting.

This is the ambition of the meanest benefactors, the tiny pride of paltry minnows in the river of life: but with the majestic and powerful Tritons is it otherwise? The noble gifts they leave us are prized, but we have small regard for the givers. With what loving care we cherish the works of a Shakespeare, but what has memory, or lovingly written records, or even vulgar curiosity preserved of the man who wrote them? The heir hugs the gold, but has not love enough, nor gratitude enough, to preserve a single record of his dead benefactor's life. How he won the gift to which we are heirs, what he endured for it, the sweat and agony of his striving for it, are naught to us. We weigh what he gave, we test it, we doubt it, we look it "in the mouth," or grow enthusiastic over it; and are proud of having it, and are even grateful to the day of the month which gave birth to him from whom we received it. But what is the individual to us? Shakespeare is naught; not what was his, but what is ours, glorifies our pride and stirs our hearts.

Mere straws show the way in which fame's wind—the popular breath—blows.

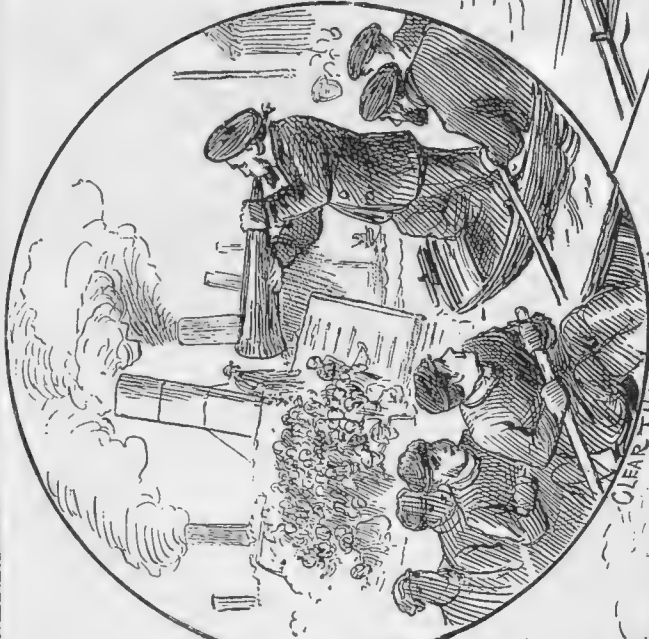
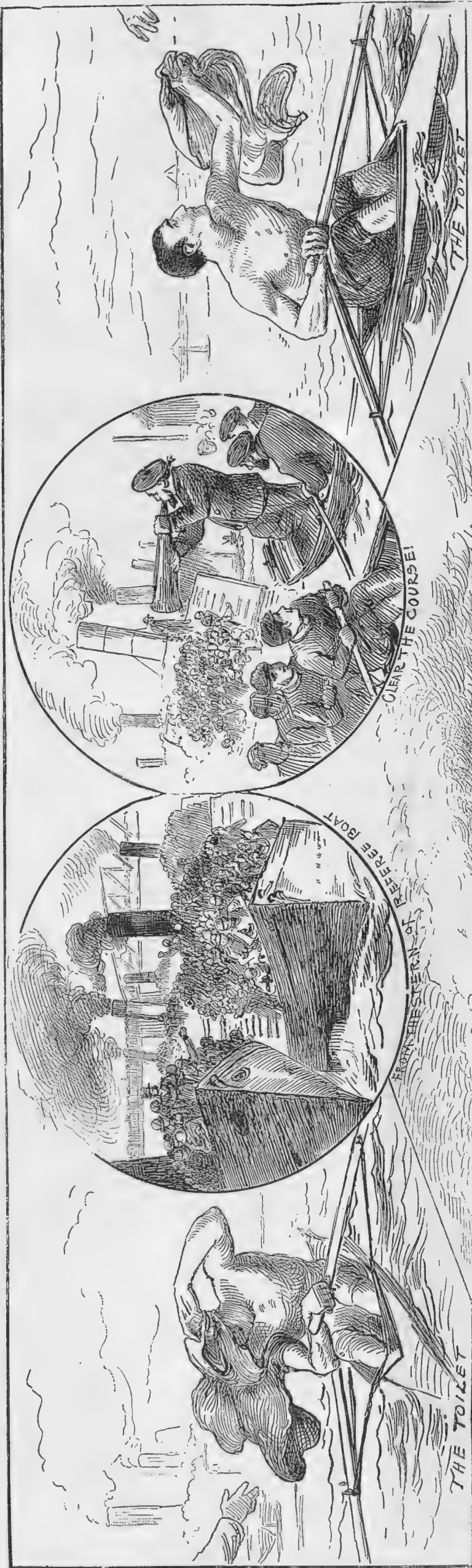
The glorious music of Mdlle. Therese Tietjens' voice appealed to thousands in its eloquent rendering of their inmost feelings and strongest passions. We listened to her spell-bound, applauded her with rapturous delight. You might have thought we loved her—every man and woman of us; that her memory would be cherished with gentle and affectionate tenderness long after the last faint echo of that glorious voice had died away never to be heard again. She doubtless thought it would be so. Some fervent admirers, in their simplicity and earnestness, may have believed that after her death the very stage on which she nightly delighted us, the dresses in which she appeared, rendered so familiar to us by their frequent use, and in paintings, engravings, or photographs—indeed, almost anything she had ever touched, would have a kind of relic-holiness about it in our eyes. But, no. We cherish the memory of that which was ours, and we mourn our loss thereof; what she gave made us grateful for what she would give, and when she could give no more there was an end to gratitude. Her wearing apparel, her stage dresses, &c., have been confounded in the miscellaneous lumber of an auctioneer's sale-room, hung carelessly up in rows of tumbled masses, like rags in an old clothes-shop, to be suspiciously and scornfully thumbed and rubbed and fingered by the dirty paws of those birds of prey—the hungry-eyed, crafty old Jews and Jewesses who haunt such places. There was not a soul who cared to rescue mere personal associations from such contamination, and one by one they were knocked down to the highest of the paltry bidders there assembled. The man in the rostrum, with his hammer and voice emphasized a grim lesson on posthumous fame in one word—"Gone!"

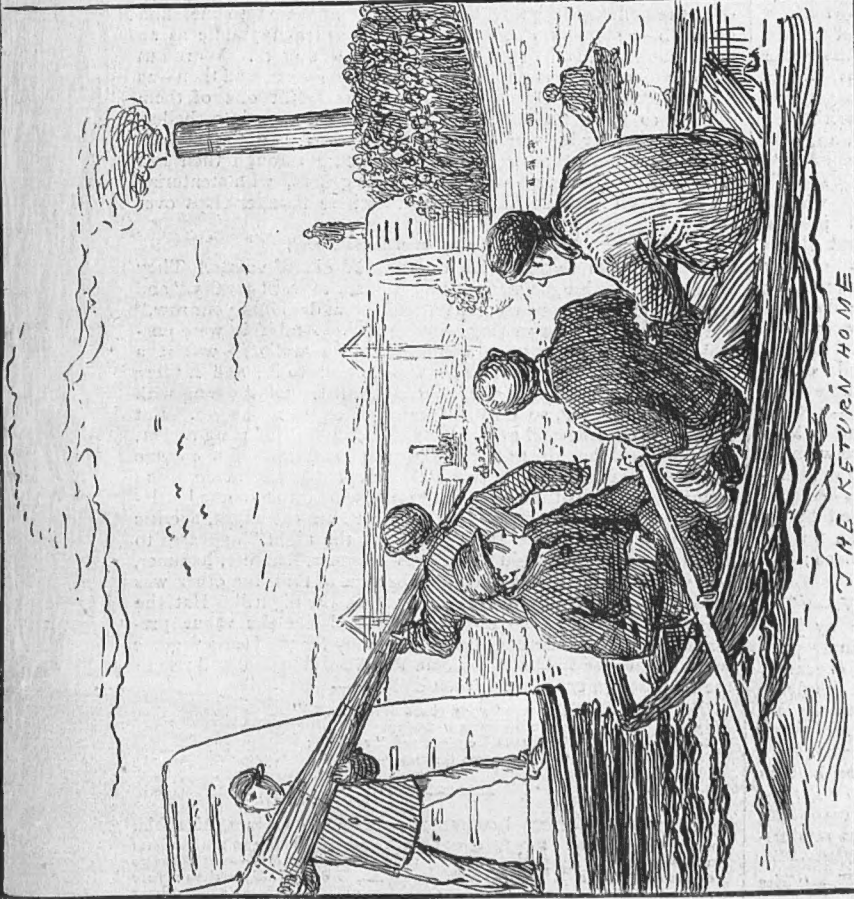
The sketch on another page by Mr. Matt. Stretch was made on the day of the sale, and contains portraits which will be readily enough recognized by those who are familiar with the frequenters of sale rooms, as well as those of two ladies of the ballet, humble and sole representatives of the profession we expected to see largely represented. We append two extracts from Debenham, Storr, and Sons' catalogue. "No. 300, a magnificent black silk velvet and white satin dress, in which Mdlle. Tietjens appeared as Lucrezia Borgia,"—"313, a magnificent cardinal colour and white satin dress, elaborately embroidered in silver with long train, worn by Mdlle. Tietjens in *Lucrezia Borgia on her last appearance in public.*" The italics are our own.

LUMBAGO.—Instant relief and speedy cure by using "Dredge's Heal All." Of all chemists, 1s. 1d. a bottle.

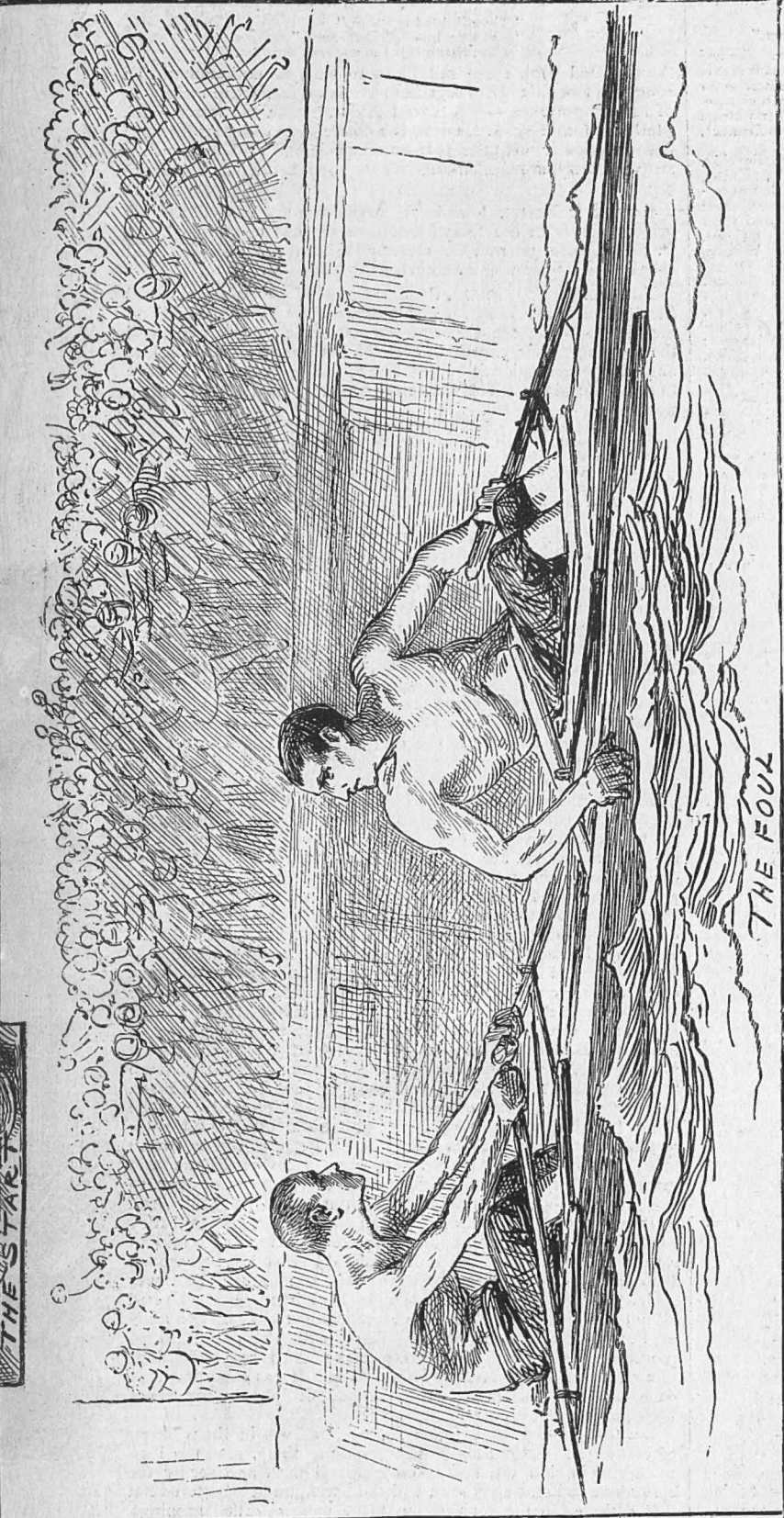
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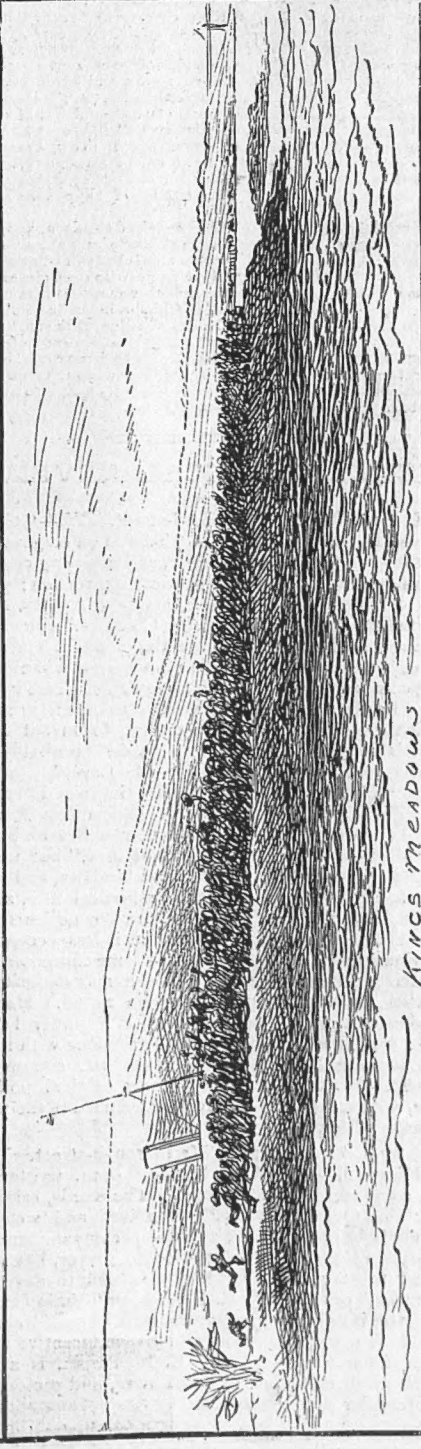




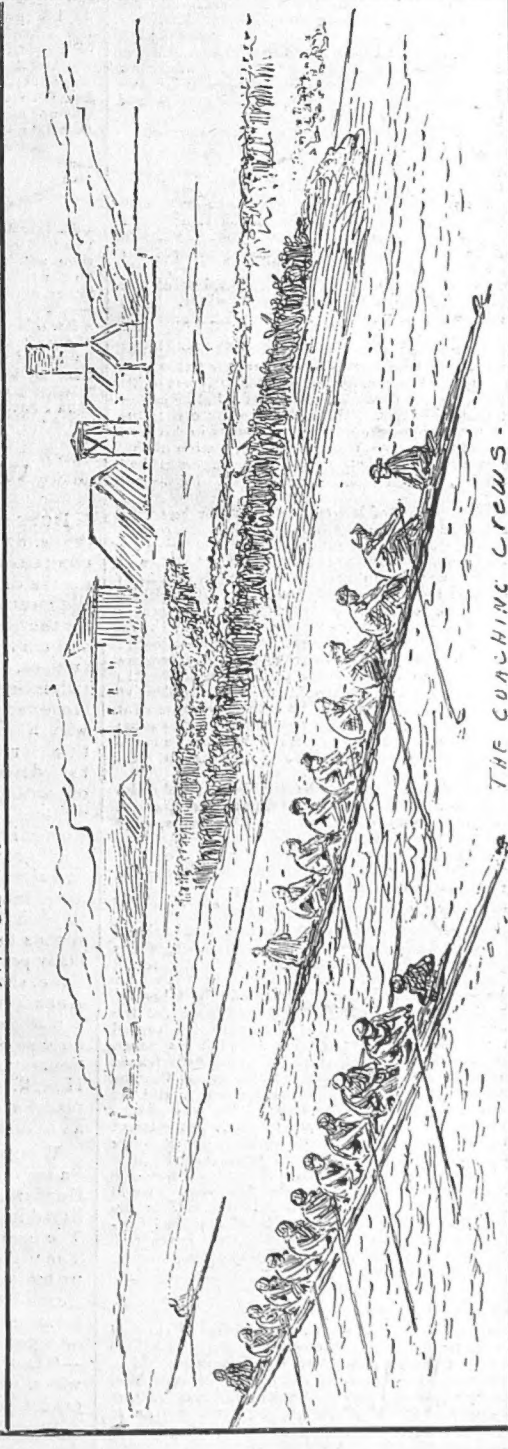
THE RETURN HOME



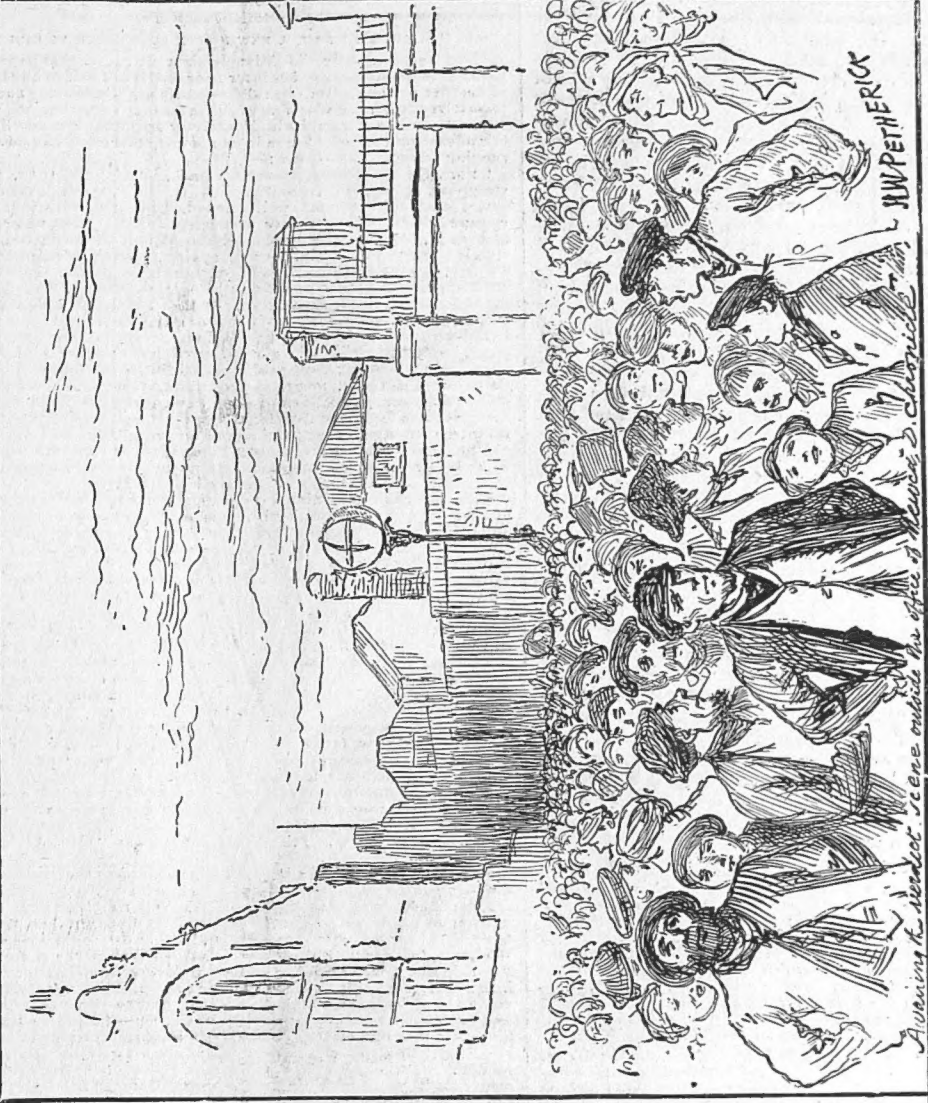
THE FOUR



KINGS MEADOWS



THE ROWING CREWS



THE CROWD

REVIEWS.

Moor and Loch. By JOHN COLQUHOUN. (London and Edinburgh, William Blackwood and Sons). Probably the best thing that can be said for the *battue*, the deer drive, and other methods of butchery that are now-a-days dignified by the name of "Sport," is that, as Dogberry says of reading and writing, "they come by nature." The sportsman of the old régime could boast of no such endowment. The qualifications for the old Highland diploma of hunter, the killing of a "red deer, an eagle, a salmon, and a seal," were not lightly to be attained. Not only nerve but experience, not merely skill but an intimate knowledge of the haunts and habits of the quarry were necessary before success could be counted on. Among those who have followed the traditions of the older school, who have sported for sport's sake, and not merely for making "show bags," Mr. John Colquhoun, author of "*Moor and Loch*," has always held a high place, and it is gratifying to see that as he nears the close of his long career, during which he has traversed the moors in almost every county in Scotland and its Islands, he is preparing to place a complete record of his experience before the sporting public. The new edition of "*The Moor and the Loch*," promises to be a complete digest of all that Mr. Colquhoun has previously written, and includes the gist of his other well-known books, "*Salmon Casts and Stray Shots*" and "*Sporting Days*," which have already enjoyed great popularity. All who are interested in Scotch moors, or who spend their holidays by the banks of a Scotch river, will find Mr. Colquhoun as pleasant a gossip as he is an instructive mentor.

The Era Almanack for 1878, conducted by EDWARD LEDGER, London.

THIS useful and interesting little annual, with its wealth of information and amusement, is one of the pleasant things we always look forward to when Christmas comes. The Dramatic and Musical Calendar is closely packed with facts and dates, the Obituary of the Dramatic, Musical, and Equestrian worlds is very complete. We have the usual list of new pieces produced during the year on the London, Provincial, and Parisian boards, a record of the theatres and music halls now in existence throughout the country, and other well known and equally valuable features, together with a large number of sketches from pens of great repute. Mr. G. Edwards gives a sparkling, bright, and funny little theatrical story which we extract:—

A RUNAWAY ROMEO.

"Sir, you are quite right. He was a good actor. He used to 'fetch 'em' and no mistake, and I was very sorry to lose him. Why, Lord bless you, sir, he used to make the people cry like lun: handkerchiefs out all over the place, and sobs as sounded as if the owners of 'em would have burst if they hadn't got rid of 'em. All the men admired him; all the women adored him; and I for one wasn't a bit surprised that she fell in love with him. How did I come to get hold of him? Well, sir, he was a amateur, he were, when he came to me, and that is the first letter I had from him." And here Blinker, the manager of the Theatre Royal, Weddleton, with whom I was enjoying a chat and a cigar, handed me the following:—

"Sir,—I hope you will excuse the liberty I thus take in writing to you, but I have a strong desire to go on the stage, and have had for a considerable time. I think of nothing but the stage by day; and I dream of nothing but the stage by night. I have studied Shakespeare from the first line to his last, and Romeo is the character in which I am convinced I could make a hit. My age is twenty-three. I am tall, dark, wear only a moustache; my hair is thin, but long and inclined to curl; I part it on the side and brush it back. My eyes are bright and piercing. I measure twenty-four inches across the chest. I have a good voice; my style is theatrical, and I shave three times a week. Will you give me a trial, and thus earn the gratitude of

"Yours truly,

"PLANTAGENET FITZSMITHE."

"That didn't look very promising," I remarked, as I gave back the letter. "Nobody but a born idiot would write like that."

"Well," said Blinker, "that's just what I thought. But I remembered afterwards how geniuses was said to be eccentric, and I thought as how perhaps I'd caught one. Business at the time was terribly flat, and so I determined to see my young gentleman, and if there was anything in him to 'star' him. You, sir, know the result. You also know the romance. *Miss Fitz* is what's the matter now at my theatre."

With that gloomy joke, Blinker gulped down what was left of the brandy and water he had been sipping and bade me good night. Mine shall be the task to tell the little romantic story to which Blinker made vague allusion.

Plantagenet Fitzsmithe had turned up a trump card for the managerial hand. He had not exaggerated the comeliness of his figure, the noble proportions of his chest, the melody of his voice, the length and curliness of his hair, the brightness of his eyes, nor the theatrical nature of what he called his style. Indeed, it must be said that Fitzsmithe had rather more than his fair share of conceit. But it must also be said that his belief in his own power to play Romeo had good foundation, and his representation of this part soon sufficed to attract every playgoer in the town. The papers gushed about it, the public applauded it, and, as Blinker had stated, the women cried over it.

Within a month of the commencement of his engagement Fitz had won for the theatre a "bespeak" from the wealthy Benjamin Bungs, a retired dealer in beer, whose mansion was situated within a short distance of the town. Now it can hardly be necessary to tell my readers that a "bespeak" confers the privilege of selecting the piece to be played. Benjamin Bungs and his family voted unanimously for *Romeo and Juliet*, and Fitzsmithe's soul was fired for the occasion by a knowledge of the fact that the patrons of the theatre were not as a rule of the wealthy or fashionable order. Bungs Esquire's party included, among others, his youngest daughter—a sweet maiden of seventeen summers, and heiress to immense property. Jemima was her name, and it was Jemima who secured in the private box allotted to the party that corner which was nearest to the stage. As Fitz, standing at the wings, caught sight of her, a shaft from Cupid's quiver went straight into his heart. He saw that her eyes had stolen some of heaven's azure; that her teeth were pearls, that her mouth was a rosebud, that her hair was golden, and that her cheeks and her chin shared three of the daintiest little dimples he had ever gazed upon.

His words that night were addressed to Martha Stubbs, the lady who personated Juliet; but his thoughts were with the angel in the private box. The tragedy being over, our Romeo was summoned to the footlights, amid what the local journals called "thunders of applause." Would he take one more hurried glance in the direction of the adored one? Would he not? The temptation was too strong to be resisted. And then—oh, rapture! he found that her eyes looked deep into his; that—

"Soft eyes looked love to eyes that spake again,"

and his heart leaped within him for joy as there fell at his feet from her hand the rosebud which he had seen at her breast—a floral sacrifice which was attributed to accident when reproof came from stern papa and watchful mamma.

Upon this hint Fitz spoke—not then and there, but the next day when he saw her—all that his fancy painted her—tripping airily down the steps of the only library the town possessed. His offer to carry her books was accepted with a smile, which sent the blood of Fitz leaping through his veins. And then they walked together—for the maiden in her artlessness feared not the little-tattle of the gossips and the busybodies; and as for Fitz, he was up in the seventh heaven of delight, talking to an angel, and he forgot all about the world and its mischief-makers. He was adventurous enough ere her home was reached to speak of the warm interest she had inspired within him, and—oh, joy unspeakable!—he at once found that interest was mutual. Thus it will be seen that if Miss Jemima had plenty of "cheek"—damask cheek if you please—she was resolved that concealment, "like a worm in the bud," should not prey on even a little bit of it. What so natural as that Fitz the very next day should be peeping into the garden of the Bungs' mansion? Certainly Fitz had that morning been the recipient of a very stern letter from the "old man," who had already been informed of the little adventure of the previous day. Fitz of course had read that

"Only they
Conquer love that run away,"

But he did not want to conquer love, and he didn't mean to run away. And so there, where the roses were nodding recognition to the breezes, and where the sweet-scented jessamine was filling the air with its fragrance, there, among the flowers which were only less beautiful than herself, he found Miss Jemima. A squeeze of hands and a whisper of eternal constancy were all that could be indulged in, for the sound of approaching footsteps caused Fitz to beat a hasty retreat. He went the next day, and the next, but no Jemima was to be seen. But presently a little sweet-scented note informed him that she was in captivity, and was prohibited from leaving the house, the epistle terminating with an appeal for rescue, with the expression of a resolve to run away, and with, as a matter of course, any number of declarations of undying affection.

Now it is proverbial that love laughs at locksmiths, and Plantagenet Fitzsmithe was not the man to be "done." Consequently on a certain day, utilizing his knowledge of the art of "making-up," he presented himself at

the door of Benjamin Bungs' mansion in the character of a reverend white-chokered agent of the "Society for the Propagation of Double-Dutch among the Benighted Natives of the Uninhabited Islands." To Bungs, to his wife, and to Miss Jemima he handed specimens of the language of the said Natives, the paper presented to the last-named, with an expressive wink of the left eye, bearing the mysterious sentence,

"ME ETMEI NTH ELA NEWH ENTH ECLO CKSTR IK ESNI NE."

Long and anxiously did Miss Jemima pore over that paper. She had penetrated the disguise of her lover; for love is not half so blind as it is said to be. At last she solved the riddle—a task my readers may accomplish for themselves. Yes, she would meet him in the lane when the clock struck nine. In the meantime Fitzsmithe had been busy preparing love and liberty for his fair adored one. He had seen in one of the local papers an advertisement, running somewhat as follows:—

"For Sale.—A strong, staunch, steady, sound, safe, snug, serviceable, strapping, supple, swift, smart, slightly, sprightly, spirited, sturdy, shining, sure-footed, sleek, smooth, well-skinned, well-sized, well-shaped, leather-coloured horse, of superlative symmetry, called Turpin; with small star; and swift, square-bodied, slender-shouldered, sharp-sighted, and steps stately; free from strain, sprain, spasms, spavin, stringhalt, staggers, strangles, surfeit, seams, swellings, scratches, squint, splint, shuffling, shambling, or symptoms of sickness of any sort. He is neither stiff-mouthed, shabby-coated, sinew-shrunk, spur-galled, saddle-backed, shell-toothed, surbated, short-winded, splay-footed, or shoulder-slipped; and is sound in sword-point and stifle-joint; has neither sick-spleen, sleeping-evil, sit-fast, straggle-tooth, sand-crack, nor shattered hoofs; nor is sour, sulky, stubborn, surly, or sullen; neither shy nor skittish, slow, sluggish, nor stupid; he never slips, strips, strays, stalks, stops, shakes, snivels, snuffles, snorts, stumbles, and seldom sweats; has a showy switch tail and a safe set of shoes; can feed on stubs, straw, sedge-corn, or Scotch grass; can carry seventeen stone with special speed and stupendous strides. Price low."

A horse that won't start and won't stop must be a curious beast, thought Fitz; but the other recommendations, so numerous and emphatic, decided him, and "Turpin" for him became his property.

Exactly as the hour of nine was chiming from the bells of the church steeple which looked overpleasant, well-cared-for fields for miles around, our Romeo—even while Friar Lawrence expected him in his cell, and while Blinker's audience wondered what had become of him—stood by Turpin's head, and eagerly awaited his Juliet. And presently she came; pale, trembling, and yet determined. It is not for me to tell the rapture of their meeting; besides, I wasn't there, and I am not supposed to know anything about the matter. He placed her before him on the saddle; he set spurs to his newly-acquired equine property; he found the "won't start" description altogether inaccurate: away they sped on the London Road. (I would beg the reader to remember that I am relating fact and not fiction, and to pardon me, therefore, the omission of those gushing descriptions of the country lanes, the hedgerows, the fields, the waving corn, the trees murmuring in the wind, and all the rest of it which ought to come in here as "padding," after the manner of the story writers.) In due time the metropolis was reached; the marvellous horse was sold in order to raise funds! "quiet lodgings" were procured for the romantic young lady, and the runaway Romeo lost no time in making preparations for their marriage. On the very day prior to that fixed for this important event, while Fitz and Jemima sat at dinner and discussed their prospects, there entered to them some very unromantic myrmidons of the law, who informed the latter that she would have to return to her mamma, and the former that he was "wanted" for unlawful abduction.

Now, Miss Jemima had a brave little heart, and as she produced the wedding-ring recently purchased, and submitted it to the gaze of her captor, she declared, with not a little emphasis, that no other than Fitz should place it on her finger. But neither her affirmations nor her protestations, her prayers nor her tears, availed, and, like the damsel in the song, "Away she went." Poor Fitz presently found himself in the presence of the "powers that be." He told his story with such embellishment of style as his professional ability enabled him to furnish, and it was evident that he made a deep impression upon the Court. And so the case was adjourned, and when Fitz was again brought to the bar—the judges having in the meantime interviewed Miss Jemima—the president remarked that, although he (Fitz) had done very wrong, there were many excuses to be made for him. He (the judge) was afraid that, as human nature was at present constituted, he should, under the circumstances, have done precisely the same thing himself. Indeed, Fitz was to be rather complimented on his taste and congratulated on his luck. The learned brethren on the bench having concurred, Romeo was discharged, amid the applause of a crowded and sympathizing court. At once he sought his Juliet. He found her still true,—still determined, still confident that she would wear out the opposition of her parents. Again and again had she been heard to exclaim, "I shan't marry anybody else, pa!" Her confidence was not misplaced. At length they gave consent—sulkily, of course—but that did not matter. And very soon afterwards Plantagenet Fitzsmithe and Jemima Bungs stood at the altar rails of a church, not far from Hanover-square, as man and wife. Fitz was by no means mercenary, and because he ran away with an heiress, and subsequently shared her fortune, let nobody say that he married her for her money. I happen to know to the contrary.

Fitz abandoned the stage which he had promised to adorn, and I could tell you where the happy couple now reside, and how pleasantly they pass their time, and how the very mention of Romeo and Juliet will bring a heightened colour into the pretty wife's cheeks; how many little ones cluster about her knees, and how Plantagenet Fitzsmithe still cherishes that delicious rosebud—now faded, but precious—which first told him of his little wife's love; with a few other particulars, which would lead you to identify the hero and heroine of my story. But then I won't. If you want corroboration of the facts I have set down, you know where to find it. There is a parish register, and there are legal records; the Theatre Royal, Weddleton, is still open, and Blinker is still alive. With a little trouble you will be able to find out more than I have told you about my Runaway Romeo.

WEEKLY MUSICAL REVIEW.

DUFF & STEWART, 147, Oxford-street, W.—"Chant d'un Ange, by A. De Lorme," price 3s. This is an elegant drawing-room solo for pianoforte, full of variety, and affording opportunities for the display of brilliancy and poetical expression; yet within the means of average pianists.—"Chante d'Amour, Rhapsodie for the pianoforte, composed by John Cheshire," price 3s. When will our English composers imitate the French, Germans, and Italians, who never resort to alien languages when writing or publishing musical compositions? Here is Mr. Cheshire, a highly respected English musician, afraid to spell "rhapsody" with a final "y," and vainly trying to invent a French title for his English composition. He probably wished to describe it as a "Song of Love," but instead of writing "Chant d'Amour," he has in two different places written "*chante d'amour*," which is neither English nor French! The phrase could be turned into French by prefixing "il" or "elle"—"he (or she) sings of love," but we doubt if this alteration would meet the composer's views, and we recommend him to reprint his piece with a dramatic title, and to stick to plain English in future. The solo under notice fully corresponds to its title as a "rhapsody," but is less acceptable than many previously published works by the same composer.—"River Song, sketch for the pianoforte, composed and dedicated to Miss Anna Dawes, by Walter Spinney," price 2s. 6d. Here we have a plain, straightforward English title for a pretty little pianoforte solo; simple and melodious, in accordance with its designation.—"Laughing Eyes," polka, price 3s., composed by G. Howell. This is a tuneful and decidedly original polka for the pianoforte, with a separate cornet part included in the piece; and an illuminated title page.

WOOD & CO., 3, Great Marlborough-street, W.—"The Sailor's Farewell," price 3s., baritone song, written by Julia Goddard, composed by A. Trickett. The words, originally published in "The Quiver," are well conceived and well executed. The melody is bold and fresh, and the accompaniment simple.—"The Torpedo Galop," price 3s., by A. Meyer, has hardly any pretensions to originality, but will be useful to dancers.—"En Beaux Esprits," price 3s., by E. Liebig, or "Valse Impromptu," for pianoforte, is light and pretty, and will be acceptable, both as an agreeable drawing-room solo, and as an incentive to waltzers.—"Les Naiades," price 4s., by E. H. Turpin, is a pianoforte waltz, with an introduction in polka time, and presents reminiscences of familiar waltz melodies.

HOWARD & CO., 28, Great Marlborough-street, W.—"The days that are gone," price 4s., written by W. F. Ellis, composed by J. L. Roedel. Mr. Ellis has written better words than usual, and Mr. Roedel has fitted the ballad with a pleasing and sympathetic melody.—"One Treasure," price 4s., words by W. F. Ellis, music by B. Tours. The words of this ballad are not merely commonplace, but ungrammatical. That a verb must

agree with its nominative case may appear to Mr. Ellis "a hard saying," but while that long-established rule remains in force, he really cannot be allowed to combine pronouns in the second person singular with verbs in the third person, as in the phrases—

"Thou lighted my path."
"Thou my lone spirit cheered."
"Thou shone o'er the waters," &c., &c.

As educated people are not likely to sing so ungrammatical a song, the fact that Mr. Tours has written an ineffective melody is of little importance.—"A Sound Affair," price 3s., words by E. Marlowe, music by H. Daykin, is a comic song which is likely to become popular with the patrons of music halls. The words, if not very witty, are inoffensive, and the tune is familiar but catching.

HODGE & ESSEX, 6 and 7, Argyll-street, W.—The "six original pieces for the Estey (American) organ," composed by E. C. Essex, price 3s. net, are cleverly written compositions, well worthy the attention of amateurs.

THURGATE & SONS, Paddington, W.—"Welcome old friends," price 4s. Ballad, words and music by J. A. Cave. The melody is simple; the accompaniments might be improved, and the opening minor chords in each of the symphonies should be altered into the major at once. The following couplets will serve to show the sentiment of the song; and Mr. Cave's ability as a poet—

What love and affection which ne'er is apart
You old Father Christmas instills in the heart
Oh would that among us you always could be
Then life would be passed through with pleasure and glee
In harmony live like Angels above
And man act to man in friendship and love

"THE DAY BEFORE PLEVNA" AT THE CANTERBURY.

OLD Paulo, erstwhile pantaloons, who had for the term of thirty-five years of his life received an annual Christmas box from the clown, in the shape of more kicks than ha'pence, and who, to complete his education, had, at divers times, essayed the part of clown, and bounded with more than the alacrity of a stage Maseppa's steed, through countless kitchen clocks, and innumerable butchers' windows—old Paulo solemnly declared that, rather than be subjected to the task of tallying off the some four hundred boys who were to appear as soldiers in *Plevna*, he would undertake the management of a million ballet girls. It was true enough that the well-meant curses of a stage-door cerberus were heeded with equal placidity by both sides; but these boys—wildly uproarious off the stage, docile in the pink of discipline while on it—were more than his old nerves could stand. Even the mites of humanity who presented themselves felt a glow of martial ardour which led them off to turning acrobatic summersaults, though inwardly there was a silent plaint about the "being tall enough," which would fit them soldiers "for to be." But with the aid of a light cane, Paulo managed to whip the urchins into order—in something akin to awe as they passed the dusky portal with the dusty letter-rack, wherein, under its sign of B. a letter rests for Miss Arabella Bentoni, whose mother's name was Brown, a letter from some amorous bouquet thrower. But these four hundred boys had all to be drilled: that kind divinity which shapes, for weal or woe, the shapes of most things human; that little cherub which sits aloft in the rigging to bless poor Jack before the mast, these good agents had decreed that all would go well "on the night." For that is the strange, but faithful creed of all stage management, everything is adrift to-night, the scenes won't shift, the borders won't lower, there is no room for this, and too much space for that, still, as the quondam villains were wont to say, "No ma-a-ther—it will all be right on the night." And so it proved to be, the musicians ran along their bars as if they had been playing the same for an uninterrupted run of a million nights, the lime light shed its splendid glare as if it had wooed the dancers' dresses all through the winter months; the scenes glided obediently aside, and the hundreds of living pests, who had all but called upon the Insurance company to pay up the value of Paulo's death to his widow—these, with the daintiness of precision, went through the military work with the zest and ardour of a regiment being specially inspected ere it was complimented on being in an efficient state to go abroad, or fight the niggers of Mesopotamia.

But to-day—the day before "*Plevna*," all was in the wildness of confusion. I don't know what took me there, save the love of peering behind the scenes on rehearsal days, and seeing the columbine in home-spun suit, and the harlequin in a battered hat—but there, in the lounge, amid the yellow satin trappings, were the ballet girls going through, what appeared to me, like the a-b-c steps of a ballet, with only a squeaking fiddle as an accompaniment, and the quaintest jumble of dresses. Worn out satin slippers, ancient tights, limp muslin flounces, and then—as if piling Pelion on Ossa—a sealskin jacket. Not one of them seemed to know where to place her hands, or salute, ballet-fashion, with her leg—but all was clock-work "on the night." In batches, the infantine armies were going through their last lessons in drill, stalwart sergeants of the guards, with stentorian voices, which sounded like near and decisive thunder-claps over

The moan of doves.

And murmuring of innumerable bees,

of the liliputian throats with the dwarfed-giants' voices. They understood one language, such as "Prepare to resist cavalry," and down they knelt in unison; but "Silence," and "Hold your row," were but as unknown writing on the wall. And if it were possible to detect a speck upon the plaster of the walls, so was it a certainty that the bayonet had to be thrust into it; and if there appeared a probability of the locks of the rifles going wrong with continual snapping, so click, click must the hammers go. But then this was rehearsal evening, not "the night." A plain ascent, made of deal boards, as if waiting the reception of a cottage piano, to be placed inside, was all the carpenters had made of the hill rising towards the redoubt, towards which the mimic battle-men were to swarm on the morrow, yet, on the night, a critic raved with delight over this, as it, "on the night," appeared to him as a "ploughed field." It was hammer, hammer, hammer, and where was this, and what had become of that, the other was mislaid, but would sure to turn up "on the night." But the piece being prepared for to-morrow, looked like the vague preliminary idea of something being got ready for the year of grace when the workmen should become Rip Van Winkles, and rise to see their design executed by their children—

"But what good came of it at last?"

Quoth little Peterkin.

"Why that I cannot tell," said he:

"But 'twas a famous victory."

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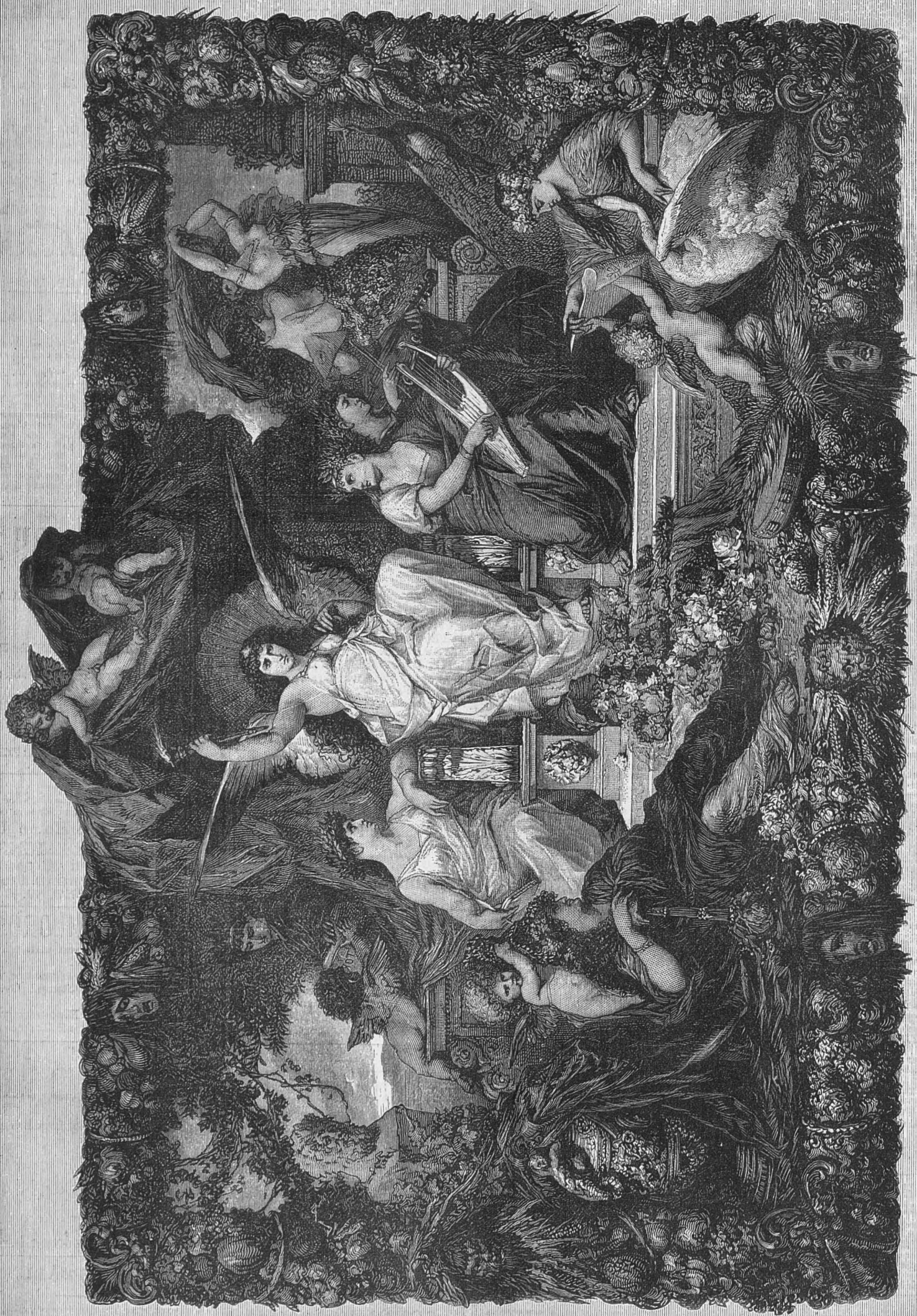
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